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THE LAST CANTO

OF

HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.



THE  
LAST CANTO  
OF  
HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE POETRY OF EARTH," AND OTHER  
PIECES.

DUBLIN:  
P. DIXON HARDY AND SONS,  
23, UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

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TO

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF CLARENDON.

MADAM,

SINCE the arrival of your EXCELLENCY in Ireland, it has been universally acknowledged that your EXCELLENCY'S patronage has been generously extended to our different Public Institutions—our Manufactures—and our Literature.

I am, therefore, encouraged, Madam, more especially by your EXCELLENCY'S permission, so condescendingly granted, to inscribe the following version of LAMARTINE'S LAST CANTO OF HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, being the first of his greater Poems which has appeared in our language, to your EXCELLENCY ; and feel assured that any Work brought out under the auspices of the House of CLARENDON, must secure that measure of public favor which a name, associated with so many historical and literary recollections, is sufficient to command.

I remain,

MADAM,

With the greatest respect,

Your EXCELLENCY'S

Most obliged and obedient Servant,

June, 1848.

THE AUTHOR.

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“In the beautiful critique inserted in the *Concordia* on M. de la MARTINE’S ‘*Méditations Poétiques*,’ SCHLEGEL observes that LORD BYRON was the representative of a by-gone poesy, and LAMARTINE the herald of a new Christian poetry that was to come.

“Comparing the three greatest contemporary poets, out of his own country, SCOTT, BYRON, and LAMARTINE, SCHLEGEL saw in the productions of the first, the poetry of a vague reminiscence—in those of the second, the poetry of despair—and in those of the last, the commencement of a poetry of hope.

“Much as he reprobated the anti-Christian spirit and tendency of LORD BYRON’S muse, and much as he rejoiced that its pernicious influence was in some degree counteracted by the noble effusions of the French rhapsodist, he still rendered full justice to the great genius of the British bard.”—*Note on Schlegel’s “Philosophy of History.”*

THE  
LAST CANTO  
OF  
HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

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I.

MUSE of the latter day, no more the height  
Of fabled mount dost thou in fancy climb.  
Man's breast is now the temple where thy light,  
Alone may kindle into thought sublime.  
Thy harp with wreaths and palms from ev'ry clime  
Is crowned for combatants who nobly bled,  
And men whose faith was deemed their fulest crime.  
To thee the incense of my heart is shed,  
Whose songs of Christ and Liberty o'er Hæmus fled.

## II.

Ages of error now have rolled away ;  
And man to his maturity hath sprung ;  
While throneless are the gods which erst bore sway :  
Like toys of childhood are those idols flung  
From worshippers who had in rapture hung  
On lips whose dark responses spoke a lie.  
Again shall proud Olympus ne'er have rung  
With sound of neighing rushing steeds that fly  
With bright and burning wheels of day across the sky.

## III.

The bolts of him who gave the thunder birth,  
In his once potent grasp lie quenched and crushed ;  
While Omar's brutal laughter shakes the earth  
O'er which his sons had swept with conquest flushed.  
Memnon dishonored lies where late hath rushed  
The Nile stirred up from its polluted bed—  
Its marble shattered, and its music hushed.  
Voices from Delphi have for ever fled  
With victims which before Apollo's altars bled.

## IV.

Time in its desolating flood has swept  
Into the deep dark gulph of ages past,  
Temples and shrines, with those who vigils kept.  
Creed after creed was given to the blast—  
With charms that held the fettered spirit fast.  
(Proud Rome in ruins may their story tell)  
Yet one enduring faith shall ever last,  
With love and liberty's undying spell,  
Softly subduing man, but crushing pow'rs of hell.

## V.

Love! I have felt the madness of its fire!  
The very whisper of its name could send  
Such thrilling, trembling tones around my lyre,  
That ev'ry chord in unison would blend,  
And new emotions to the spirit lend.  
One glance had pow'r, as when the tempests rave,  
My bark upon the fatal rocks to send.  
"I loved—I have been loved"—and only crave  
These words with dewy tears to rest upon my grave.

## VI.

O Liberty ! my song has been of thee  
And from thy lips has caught its burning strain.  
The light—the universe itself must be  
Thy children since they wear no galling chain ;  
And love to worship in thy sacred fane.  
Thou brightest gift which God to earth has given,  
Refreshing man, when thou like blessed rain  
Didst fall upon his infant soul from heaven,  
To give it strength by which each fetter might be riven.

## VII

Thou pure eternal element of life,  
Brighter than day and more intense than fire,  
How oft thy claim's dishonored 'mid the strife  
Of men who in thy atmosphere respire ;  
And yet would bid thy very soul expire,  
When they alone gloat not upon thy smile.  
More rigid than the fates, would they desire,  
With foulest bondage freed-men to defile ;  
And in their jealousy of heav'n her gifts revile.



## VIII.

Proud reason have the spoiled of her dread right;  
And of thy hallowed name would make a crime!  
Yet like the spark which smitten steel can light,  
Soon, as a deathless principle sublime,  
From hearts enchained thou startest in thy prime.  
For tho' a thousand foes against thee fight,  
And fetters heap upon that form divine:  
Flinging aside such shackles in thy might,  
Thou dost avenge the earth, and slavish despots blight.

## IX.

Such blessed days are come, and thou dost hear  
At Argos swelling songs repeat thy name.  
Shoals of the Dactyls catch the sound with fear,  
While proud Thermopylæ asserts her claim,  
With herald lips to echo back thy fame.  
Again do Pindus and Ithome tell  
Of worshipped liberty, and tyrants' shame,  
A Nation's mighty voice is heard to swell,  
As tho' it rushed from spheres where mutt'ring thunders dwell.

## X.

That voice is one, tho' thousand mingling tones  
Should make the trembling earth dissolve with dread,  
And give us back the soldier bones  
Of brave Leonidas whose fame can shed,  
Like his of Marathon, upon the dead,  
Its sacred light. Dost thou not hear the sound  
Which rushing o'er the Bosphorus hath sped,  
Where fierce and fiery ships have late been found  
To furrow up the deep, and fling their fury round?

## XI.

Amid the rocks which stud th' Egean sea  
Like glitt'ring serpents there they seem to glide;  
Throwing a glare upon the waves so free,  
As from an hundred beacons o'er the tide.  
Near false Megara's crowding shoals they ride;  
And rouse each slumb'ring foe in vengeful ire,  
Clinging with deadly hold unto the side  
Of hostile ships 'gainst which they belch out fire  
That foes may be consumed, tho' they themselves expire.

## XII.

These are the torches worthy of thy rites,  
Thou late avenger of our destiny.  
These burning piles of death whose dismal lights  
Can shew thee tyrants crushed, and man made free,  
Shall scare each despot who would scowl on thee.  
Strike then, till 'neath thy sword the foemen reel—  
Till those who say thou art a dream shall see  
The gleams of liberty flash from thy steel,  
And 'neath the lifted cross thy pow'r and vengeance feel.

## XIII

But where is Harold--pilgrim of the earth,  
Whose ways and wand'rings I so late could mark?  
Has he in low amours beneath his birth  
Been steeped? Where now has steered that noble bark;  
Or has it anchored 'ere the noon-tide spark  
Of fleeting day has quenched itself in night?  
Have I for ever lost this son of dark  
And deep'ning thought whose fitful light  
Could bring my own faint footsteps back upon my sight?

## XIV.

Mysterious men ! how interchanged in name !  
My nature his—and his transfused with mine !  
The pulse—the tone of heart and voice the same.  
Song blends with song, while soul and soul entwine  
But where can now his wayward steps incline ?  
The city of the Cæsars was his home,  
When Tiber mid Bandusian songs divine,  
Went forth with bounding speed and joyful foam,  
To reach the track in which his deathless muse might roam.

## XV.

Albanus saw him on its sunny height.  
Whence he could look upon the depths profound ;  
And see the distant dreamy skies unite  
With seas which only heav'n itself might bound.  
But since upon that more than classic ground,  
He bid to ocean his sublime adieu,  
No traces of his pilgrimage were found ;  
And like some temple, earth to silence grew,  
Until he should the interrupted hymn renew.

## XVI.

Where is the coast on which his shattered masts,  
Beneath inconstant stars are wildly tost ?  
What waves have witnessed, 'mid the fatal blasts,  
The wreck which could his latest hope exhaust ?  
Or did some friendly shore, ere peace was lost,  
Thy wearied votary, O Muse, receive !  
Come then, recite the ills which oft have crossed  
His dark desponding path ; and let us grieve  
With him whose woes thy mournful lyre did oft relieve.

## XVII.

'Tis night, but night in whose vast dome is seen  
Its own pale star that smiles the gloom away ;  
And sheds upon the sleeping coast its sheen ;  
While waves are tinged with heav'n's blue glimm'ring ray.  
The shore now rampant—crouching then it lay,  
Where silvery sands carved into gulfs resound,  
Lashed by the surges in their foaming way.  
Alps clad with snowy helmets guard the ground,  
And throw their vast eternal battlements around.

## XVIII.

There summer's gentle breath is softly felt  
Where hill, 'neath hill, descends from heights sublime.  
The north wind blows from realms where snows ne'er melt,  
Revelling in fragrance of a sunny clime,  
Until embalmed with odors in their prime.  
A mansion here is seen where cypress trees  
As types of sadness and of deathless time,  
Are mute and motionless as if no breeze  
Would dare upon those dark prophetic ones to seize.

## XIX.

And oft upon that pile they cast their gloom,  
'Mid intervals of heav'n's reflected light,  
Looking like dark forebodings of the tomb,  
Whose glare falls ghastly on the troubled sight.  
Yet clust'ring myrtles here were glad and bright,  
Tracing the outline both of hill and glade ;  
And nature's carpet which had felt no blight—  
With mazy walks that in their wildness strayed,  
Where climbed the fond clematis o'er the colonade.

## XX.

There gardens fragrant with rich orange trees,  
Above the flattened roofs exotics fling.  
And with their golden fruit perfume the breeze ;  
While whisp'ring waters seem at eve to bring  
The coolness of the zephyr's gentle wing.  
Beyond this scene, from hallowed domes on high,  
Sad bells are heard the knell of time to ring.  
Then bursts Genoa on the ravished eye,  
Fair daughter of the deep, emerging towards the sky,

## XXI.

From waves where sleeping vessels calmy rest,  
Whose tow'ring masts with palaces would vie,  
And which the captive waters from their breast  
Uplift with heavings and with throbs that die  
Upon the shore in hoarse and struggling sigh.  
But here what stillness and what darkness reign!  
Do all in sleep and such oblivion lie,  
That foot, nor voice is heard, nor lights proclaim  
One lurid torch of midnight kindling into flame?

## XXII.

Yet at the winding of a dusky path,  
Proud coursers with a page are seen to stand ;  
While in the distant creek whose billows hath  
Died without tumult on the peaceful sand,  
A barge is floating with its noiseless band ;  
That living freight to carry in its flight.  
And soon it stretches from the silent strand  
Staggering beneath those weapons dread and bright,  
With fiery steeds departing 'neath the stars of night.

## XXIII.

But all are not by dreamy sleep entranced.  
For see the light which from that lattice shines !  
Now from another, lo ! the ray has glanced !  
There it returns—and there, again declines.  
Is it to crime, or love the step inclines,  
For which such bright and restless flame was fanned ?  
Yes, with the heart the thought almost entwines,  
That like the straggling gleams which reach the strand,  
The trembling lamp is palsied by a guilty hand.



## XXIV

The flame ascends and rests within a hall,  
By whose thin drapery the truth's revealed.  
There lightest foot with drowsy steps can fall  
On soft and broidered carpets which concealed  
The tessellated pavement. Here (unveiled  
By beauty jealous of each feint disguise)  
Paintings and tapestry a spell would yield,  
To fix upon their charms voluptuous eyes,  
'Neath grand and gilded ceilings that above them rise.

## XXV.

An urn is seen upon enamelled feet,  
Soft day from its concealed depths to shed ;  
Where light and gloom beneath an alcove meet,  
Like some dim flame devoted to the dead,  
Gleaming within its damp sepulchral bed.  
Upon an ebon couch in that recess  
To fling herself, a beauteous one has fled.  
The sleep of youth seems in its wild caress,  
Upon her brow to revel 'mid each golden tress.

## XXVI.

Those locks almost conceal her fervid breast,  
'Neath wanton gambols, where they archly played,  
Till at her feet they gently find their rest.  
Bright trinkets which her neck and head arrayed—  
The ornaments of yesterday—are laid  
With sparkling rings and wreaths of dying flow'rs,  
Close to her bed from which her hand hath strayed,  
As tho' it sought again their kindling pow'rs  
Which had so lately gemmed her breast in waking hours.

## XXVII.

The door is opened—there is seen to advance  
A man with burning lamp and measured pace—  
'Tis Harold—there he stands with silent glance,  
And brow, tho' young, where time has left its trace.  
His genius still is flashing from his face.  
But 'tis the lightning mid the tempest seen;  
For like the torch that now illumines the place,  
And wavers in his grasp, that breast has been  
Almost to mortal eye one vacillating scene.

## XXVIII.

Both love and scorn upon his haughty lip,  
In bitter sweetness mingling seem to rest.  
Tho' fell remorse does not with scorpion whip,  
The spirit lash, his stormy, stricken breast.  
With new unending terror is opprest.  
Else why the deathly paleness which has seized  
Upon his ashy brow, as tho' 'twere prest  
By some cold hand that has the vitals freezed,  
Until some fierce avenging angel be appeased.

## XXIX.

With step unmoved, above that form he bends,  
Intently gazing on her while a dream,  
Its graces to her early beauty lends.  
In earthly guise she would an angel seem,  
Could unstained innocence her name redeem.  
But on her brow, one stealthy wrinkle lies,  
Where light of flow'ry youth alone should gleam ;  
Nor sleep upon those silken curtained eyes  
Can smooth the furrow or suppress the inner sighs.

## XXX.

Her lip, on which a smile at random strays,  
Must fix th' admiring look, yet freeze the heart ;  
For 'tis not love that round it archly plays,  
But erring thought with its voluptuous art.  
The graces of her yielding cheek depart  
Like lilies drooping ere the noon is past ;  
As tho' she felt some agonizing dart  
Were winged and wafted by the zephyr blast  
Of love, whose dying fragrance round her still was cast.

## XXXI.

"Thou sleepest, murmured Harold in a voice  
Subdued ; thou whom 'tis destined I must leave ;  
In whom my soul so long deluded could rejoice !  
Whose bland seductive art might well deceive !  
Yet what avails that I did not perceive  
Such happiness to be a blissful dream,  
Meant for a moment only to relieve  
The dread reality which now would seem  
To dissipate this child of sleep with morning's beam."

## XXXII.

“ How happy he, who when the dream is past,  
Some image has within his mind imprest,  
Whose bright and lovely traces still may last  
Throughout the dismal future, there to rest,  
Like nurtured fire within the riven breast !  
But still when such an idol has been lost,  
Or flung away by him whom once it blest ;  
'Tis well to feel its worship must have cost  
Despair which endless night itself could not exhaust.”

## XXXIII.

“ Thou image of perfection and of love,  
Engrave thyself upon my raptured sight !  
Mists from that brow like gath'ring clouds above,  
My breathing words could chase and put to flight.  
Those slumb'ring eyes shall by to-morrow's light,  
In all their opening beauty seek my praise.  
How oft upon those lips did I delight  
To look with fixed intoxicating gaze,  
And hang upon the tones which they alone could raise.”

## XXXIV.

“Thy opening hand no more shall join with mine,  
And feel the greetings which it fondly met.  
Sleep cannot render dull that mouth divine,  
Nor make me now its waking charms forget.  
Oh for that sigh! but 'tis a vain regret!  
Could I but bear it hence within my soul,  
Where some response it fondly would beget!  
'Tis struggling 'neath thy bosom's soft control  
Like rising waves that o'er the restless waters roll.’

## XXXV.

“There sleeps the object which alone inspired  
A moment's pleasure—shall I call it joy?  
It was not happiness my breast desired,  
Or could expect from such delusive toy,  
That soon upon the sated mind would cloy.  
All that I hoped for were some fleeting hours  
Of short-lived bliss, tho' mingled with alloy;  
Like dying fragrance shed from wreaths of flow'rs,  
Which pleasure flings upon our heads in balmy show'rs.”

## XXXVI.

“ Such perfume warmed by this soft sunny clime,  
With dark oblivion's draught would I respire ;  
If fell remorse, close on the track of crime,  
Should at thine accents from my couch retire.  
This were enough for an unhallowed fire.  
And thou alone, my Lena, couldst impart  
The blessedness which met my full desire.  
Yet from this nectared cup did not depart,  
The black and sick'ning dregs that prey upon the heart.”

## XXXVII.

“ Let us not more than half the goblet quaff ;  
But consecrate to our relentless foe,  
The last libation, with derision's laugh ;  
And thus on destiny those dregs bestow,  
Tho' it should cost us more than mortal wo.  
Farewell loved idol, wrapt in heartless sleep,  
Which would deception round thy pillow throw ;  
Lest tears of vain regret thy soul should weep,  
Only in bitterness thy waking thoughts to steep.”

## XXXVIII.

Harold has leapt on board his heaving boat.  
Amid the ropes the winds already sigh.  
The swelling sails upon the breezes float :  
Climbing from yard to yard they mount on high  
Casting their shade, like wings outstretched to fly.  
The wav'ring vessel heels upon the tide ;  
Where seamen with their loud and cheery cry,  
The anchor weigh. Upon the deep they ride,  
While through the cleft and foaming waves they quickly glide.

## XXXIX.

The wave suspended for a moment swells :  
Then broken falls in vapour on the shore,  
Where all that Harold left in silence dwells  
With those still waters which are heard no more.  
Now from the tossing bark is caught the roar  
Of voices mingling with the piercing blast.  
The armour piled in dread and glitt'ring store,  
Is roll'd with murm'ring omens heard to last,  
While o'er the deck such implements of death are cast.



## XL.

Sabres and muskets bright with studs of gold,  
As yet untarnished in the deadly fight,  
By blood or fire, are in confusion rolled,  
With banners and with lances whose keen light  
Has not 'mid thunder flashed upon the sight.  
Bound to the mast the startled coursers beat  
With timid step the trembling deck in fright,  
Neighing at ev'ry wind that rocks their feet ;  
And shaking from their drenching manes the drifting sleet.

## XLI.

Wrapt in his mantle gloomy as the night,  
Fit emblem of his breast, proud Harold stands ;  
And from the stern, beneath the coming light,  
He looks with vacant eye upon the sands,  
O'er which the billows flow to other lands.  
Where is the course he now would madly run ?  
What clime such arms upon the deck demands ?  
Would he the glorious prize of faith have won,  
Whose bark is steering for the cradle of the sun ?

## XLII.

Is it at Solyma's vast wilderness,  
He would the Tomb as conqueror retake;  
Or pilgrim-like whom cumbrous arms oppress,  
To Jordan's stream his wearied feet betake;  
And in its sacred waves their burnings slake?  
In such pursuits his soul can share no part.  
Nor cross, nor crescent will the sceptic take,  
To cover in the holy war his heart,  
With signs he deems to be dark superstition's art.

## XLIII.

Jove and Mahomet—gods and heroes were  
To him the visions of a troubled brain—  
Dreams true—or false—which for a moment glare  
Upon the mind in wild fantastic train,  
Till reason with the sun-light of her reign,  
Shall from our dark horizon drive the night.  
Prostrate before no altar will he deign,  
One prayer to whisper; or with holy rite  
To tread the sacred courts of Him who dwells in light.

## XLIV.

His god is not invoked by any name  
To mortals known. He is some cause supreme,  
Blindly throughout this vast stupendous frame  
Of nature felt—that problem which men deem  
Unsolved ; while to the mind their god must seem,  
Tho' good still evil—great tho' yet controlled—  
A being without attributes—a theme  
Which nature can in thousand forms unfold—  
A power whose providence no past event hath told—

## XLV.

A deity who does at random sway  
Some vague tho' mighty force for good or ill ;  
Begetting offspring—making them his prey ;  
Producing evil—yet without the will :  
Effecting good—tho' love is absent still ;  
With no design that foresight can have planned.  
No principle of faith does he instil,  
Nor any bleeding sacrifice demand ;  
But seem to rule with lawless and capricious hand.

## XLVI.

Upon the just he would oppression lay ;  
The weak he gives as victims to the strong,  
Till reason's tempted in her pride to say,  
“ Can he exist permitting so much wrong ? ”  
In praise of faith, or martyrs slain, no song  
Ascends from those companions grouped around  
Dark Harold on the deck in mutt'ring throng.  
No tale is told of miracle profound,  
Or shrines, or cross, or pardon by the sinner found.

## XLVII.

These stern apostles of a prouder creed  
Re-echo sounds that wildly speak of fame,  
And honor destined for mankind when freed—  
With rights of man, and grandeur ; but of shame  
And slaughter to each tyrant prince who came  
Within their grasp. In scornful words they tell  
How earth has crouched, and sullied her bright name  
Beneath the yoke of prejudice that fell  
Upon her trampled neck, and bound her with its spell.

## XLVIII.

They cry for war which may their vengeance wreak  
On despots who have crushed our hapless race.  
The track of wandering liberty they seek ;  
And to the East her tempting accents trace ;  
Where Greece, roused from her lethargy, would chase  
From her polluted soil an impious foe.

They rush with swords accustomed, there to grace

The triumphs of a people snatched from wo ;

Whose fields with warmest blood of heroes still o'erflow.

## XLIX.

The smile of early day that gilds the masts,  
Sports with the tide just purpled with its ray ;  
The morning's breath in keen and freshning blasts,  
Is felt by ev'ry wave which delves its way  
Thro' foaming waters flinging round their spray.

With furled sails the vessel takes her flight,

Where Italy's fair coast in sunshine lay.

Then bursts on Harold's waking sight,

As by romance, the dim horizon's azure light.

## L.

He sees a wave from Tiber's muddy bed,  
Rejoicing to be free. And on the height  
Of far Soracte looks, which rears its head,  
As tho' it could alone assert the right  
To stand erect amid the with'ring blight  
That on the fallen universe was cast.  
Beyond this scene then strikes upon the sight  
Parthenope whose form is glass'd  
In seas which bound the Europe of the ages past.

## LI.

Vesuvius smoking like some smould'ring fire,  
Suppressed while day is ling'ring on the sky,  
Ere night with all her blackness can expire,  
Sends forth its swift and shooting flames on high,  
That o'er the bosom of the waters fly.  
The winds disturb the mingling smoke and flame,  
While hov'ring in the richest plumage nigh:  
Like fiery columns which from temples came,  
Whose holy rites these self-consuming pillars claim.

## LII.

O'er Pæstum now this black and burning mass  
Is hurried by the blast towards rising day.  
Beneath its sombre glare does Harold pass  
The murmuring Tænarus—then bends his way,  
Where blest Elysium once in brightness lay ;  
Whose ravaged soil an image yet retains  
To tell of those who bore celestial sway ;  
And 'mid the wreck of ages now proclaims  
The starry, cloudless paradise that still remains.

## LIII.

Near where the mighty swan in silence sleeps,  
The stern is quickly turned to the shore.  
Flying from wave to wave the vessel keeps  
Her track o'er shining seas which shall no more  
The glance of Harold meet. And then before  
The drifting tide his bark was borne,  
Till skies one aspect with the ocean wore ;  
And from his eyes the cloud-wrapt coast was torn,  
Like names, by distant time, of all their freshness shorn.

## LIV.

“ Oh Italy adieu ! land of the past !  
Never again my disenchanted eyes  
Shall on thy loved and sunny shores be cast.  
What can we do amid thy hills that rise,  
With mould’ring arches ’neath thine azure skies ?  
Or what can names avail, from death’s sad urn  
Raked out by those who may such relics prize ?  
To know the past from men, they vainly burn ;  
Nor answer can thy monuments themselves return,”

## LV.

“ Save that which tells how thou wast less to blame  
Before than since the glory of thine age.  
Thou art asleep ; but all around thee claim  
To stand erect. Rude time will not assuage  
Its headlong, onward course, while in its rage  
All things are hurried towards some distant goal.  
The Scythian with the Breton now engage  
In haughty bands from their bleak coasts to roll  
Contempt upon thy cities, with their inmost soul.”



## LVI.

“ When tempted by loud fame to seek thy shore,  
They looked upon thee in thy sadness placed  
’Mid ruins that are now thine own no more ;  
While with untutored eye they wildly traced  
Each palace, arch and temple which had graced,  
With their colossal strength, thy place of birth ;  
Then scowled with brutal laughter on such taste,  
And asked, as if in sheer derision’s mirth,  
‘ Shall these remain till other Cæsars rise on earth ? ’ ”

## LVII.

“ Or can a people’s empty shade require  
So large a place, or such vast tow’ring piles ? ”  
And yet thy cheeks the insult cannot fire !  
For thou dost give barbarians all thy smiles ;  
While they for other lands and distant isles,  
Would buy the rays that from thy stars are caught.  
Thy marbles which the stranger now defiles,  
Thy soil where prints of heroes feet are sought,  
And walls with echoes of their names so vainly fraught, ”

## LVIII.

“ To him thou pointest out in sluggish pride ;  
Together with those busts which he contrasts,  
In satire, with thyself; then o’er thy wide  
Prolific plains a jealous eye he casts ;  
And looks upon that heaven whose light still lasts—  
Yet thee disowns! Thou art at length ashamed !  
But no !—expecting still propitious blasts  
Of glory and of triumph, thou hast claimed  
To be at the proud capitol a conqueror named.”

## LIX.

“ Thy feeble hands now grasp no more the sword—  
That Roman sceptre—but the sounding lyre,  
And pencil, by thy fallen sons adored.  
Thou knowest how to feed with gentle fire,  
Perfidious pleasure lest its tone expire ;  
And how thy Armidas a sweeter song  
To teach ; or with soft colours to inspire  
Thy canvass ; and the heroes whom you wrong  
To bid around thee by thy practised chisel throng.”

## LX.

“ The harshness of thy parent’s sterner voice,  
For ever has been hushed amid the soft sweet  
Notes in which a prostrate people can rejoice.  
But while thy tongue our raptured ears may meet ;  
With flatt’ring tones it would deceive, and treat  
Us with the falsehood of a base-born slave.  
Those chains have taught it how in song to greet  
Each listner with the nervous and the grave ;  
And by a crouching meanness now their suffrage crave.”

## LXI.

“ Like some sleek serpent which so long hath slept  
In slimy soil till it at length has caught  
The foul resemblance of the spot where crept  
The reptile long enslaved and basely taught  
To lick the dust. ’Tis thus the tongue has sought,  
With soft and sounding words to calm the soul ;  
While loudly with profession meanly fraught,  
A tide of praises it would falsely roll,  
And bring the captive mind beneath its base control.”

## LXII.

“Thou crumbling monument where only dwells  
The echo! Dust of ages past that flies  
Before the wind! Thou land where neither spells,  
Nor parent’s blood can bind, nor kindred ties!  
Where on an ancient soil the man that dies  
Of age is but a child! where coward steel  
In darkness strikes! where on the brow there lies  
A black and boding cloud! where none may feel  
The power of love unless it shall their ruin seal!”

## LXIII.

“Where modesty is worn but to deceive!  
And stratagem is tried that it may turn  
The edge of keen regard! where none believe  
Those enervated words which always spurn  
The truth!—clouds that with sunny brightness burn  
Yet give to worthless sound a noisy birth!  
Adieu! lament thy fall!—for time’s black urn  
Has made of all thy boasted names a dearth!  
To seek not human dust—but men, I traverse earth.”

## LXIV.

“ Yet heav’n still smiles upon thee in thy gloom,  
Thou land which gods would choose ; where still respire  
A holiness and love upon thy tomb.  
Faith ’mid thy scattered ruins would aspire  
To kindle on her altars deathless fire ;  
And sway her sceptre o’er a vast domain.  
Nature whose fruitfulness cannot expire,  
Has caused thy sun and beauty to remain ;  
And noble in her sadness, makes thy genius reign.”

## LXV.

“ Upon the ear of him who learns thy name,  
It falls as would the sound of some dread sword,  
When stricken from the hero’s grasp, whose fame  
Had made the weapon and the strength adored,  
Of one whose hapless fate must be deplored.  
Beneath the feeble noise the trembling ground  
Would signs of sorrow and of shame afford.  
’Tis thus for thee in ev’ry breast is found  
A plaintive chord that must with sympathy resound.”

## LXVI.

“ And thou dear Albion ! where my infant years  
Were passed ; an exile from thy shore now parts ;  
Whose dust shall not be moistened by thy tears.  
Thou hast expelled me from a land where hearts  
Can feel the pulse that liberty imparts.  
Still ne’er thine image from this wounded breast,  
Nor pride of noble blood from me departs.  
To thee, from Sparta’s son, shall be addressed  
The mem’ry of his triumph, or his glorious rest.”

## LXVII.

“ Around my sails now sighs the graceful breeze.  
My bark is greeted by the joyful tide ;  
As tho’ it knew my path amid the seas ;  
And like a fiery courser in his pride,  
Would paw the ground and neigh with nostrils wide,  
When he dismounts who gently held the rein.  
Yes, oft upon your bosom did I ride,  
O waves, ye stormy emblems that retain  
An image of the terrors which with ghastly train,”

## LXVIII.

“ Still haunt, as they were wont to do, this breast !  
For I am yet a mystery unsolved—  
An endless hurricane that finds no rest—  
A hideous dream that may not be dissolved—  
A wreck where past and future are involved—  
A wave that carries foam to ev'ry shore—  
A murmur from the inner depths evolved ;  
But like the restless sea which cannot pour  
The troubled waters from its unexhausted store.”

## LXIX.

“ Where are my days, and why are they so fleet ?  
To others, or myself, what marks their flight ?  
What boundaries have curbed my wayward feet ?  
Or where the fruit which long hath mocked my sight ?  
A thousand ways I've traced, yet each one slight !  
Where shall my wand'ring course at length be stayed ?  
Can it be life to wander while the light  
Of hope in heaven, and in ourselves hath made  
The path so clear from which my wav'ring steps have strayed ?”

## LXX.

“ The swallow in her speed can see the coast  
To which in search of summer now she flies ;  
The seaman looks upon the starry host,  
Where an unchanging beacon he descries ;  
The eagle dares against the sun to rise ;  
The dove on silv’ry wing can find her nest ;  
The labouring vessel ’neath some unknown skies  
Is guided by the magnet to her rest ;  
While man alone by no bright omen is imprest.”

## LXXI.

“ With him to-day and yesterday are one !  
To-morrow is the same ! At ev’ry hour  
He alters what already he has done—  
Recedes—and then advances—till each pow’r  
Is lost in mists of doubt which darkly low’r !  
My goal, too near myself, these hands would place.  
To seize the prize, where many breasts would cower,  
A few short strides I made with hurried pace ;  
And soon outstepped the post itself that marked the race.”



## LXXII.

“ I sang—the universe itself was charmed ;  
And with an early glory crowned my lyre.  
But 'tis enough !—no more am I alarmed  
For worthless fame ; nor would again desire  
To reproduce that voice which may but tire  
The wearied ear with its unvaried tone.  
A name !—why should I such a sound admire ?  
How can it for the many pangs atone  
To those who wear such fruitless empty fame alone ? ”

## LXXIII.

“ The poor reward it gives, is that a name  
Should deeply in the sounding urn be cast ;  
And to posterity hand down some claim !  
What is such glory, since the faintest blast  
From time's light wing may not permit to last  
The dim impression of a bygone age ?  
If but a single word should fail to last,  
The frozen memory on history's page,  
May not again the thoughts of living men engage ! ”

## LXXIV.

“ A name!—’tis but an image—’tis a shade  
Whose glory vanishes beneath the wave ;  
And like the vapour will our grasp evade —  
A fantasy for which I once could rave ;  
But when beheld, no longer would I crave.  
A glory that is boundless now I need,  
Which from oblivion endlessly shall save—  
An incense such as ages have decreed  
To offer as the price of some unearthly deed.”

## LXXV.

“ I ask the fame which brazen war can give ;  
With waves of blood inscribing on the ground  
The glorious scenes that must for ever live,  
And proudly scatt’ring trophies widely round  
On hostile plains where cries of death resound.  
Let everlasting brass record each name ;  
Or deeply let it be engraven found  
Upon that temple’s base which blood would claim  
For Liberty, and for the tyrant’s lasting shame.”

## LXXVI.

“ Oft in deserted ways that lead to Rome ;  
Or in the gloomy minster of the West,  
Where slumb’ring dust has darkly found its home,  
And tombs are ’neath the sacred shadow blest ;  
Upon some weeping urn my arm would rest.  
There stood the bronze and statue clothed with age.  
The pious stranger by the gloom opprest,  
Was there with trembling step, to read the page  
Which dimly lettered pavements yield to ev’ry sage.”

## LXXVII.

“ Beneath such monumental shade must rest,  
In sleep the most august the mighty dead.  
Those sounds of footsteps o’er their dust imprest,  
Those crowding statues, and this sacred dread,  
Those new regrets—those tears in silence shed—  
Must flatter, tho’ the shroud and coffin hold  
The bones of men on whom the grave has fed,  
Whose death was pride of an immortal mould—  
On whose proud cenotaphs ambition would take hold.”

## LXXVIII.

“ This glory I shall have. But still the mind  
Would seek for something more beyond the tomb.  
It knows not where that boon on earth to find,  
Unless it be the breasts of men in whom  
For aught but virtue their is found no room.  
Now let us from that word extract the sense.  
Can it describe the man whose hopeless gloom  
Would make him seek a death the most intense,  
As tho’ to martyrdom he had some just pretence ?”

## LXXIX.

“ Is it for virtue that he parts his gold—  
His youth—his pleasure, and his brightest days ?  
Is such a dream—is liberty that’s sold,  
Almost as soon as purchased worth the praise  
Which to those idols votaries would raise ?  
Or is it for the cross so long by kings  
Forgotten, that his ardent mind betrays  
A love of vengeance, while the sceptic flings  
From his dark breast each hope which from the future springs ?”

## LXXX.

But stop !—is this a sail, or some dark cloud  
That hides the star of evening from our sight !  
The shade approaches !—then is heard aloud,  
The cry—“ to arms—a ship.” Like stormy night,  
She furrows up the deep beneath her flight.  
Her triple tier of decks ; her sails and masts,  
From seamen's view conceal the azure light.  
This vulture of the sea, 'mid howling blasts,  
Upon the prey its talons and its shadow casts.

## LXXI.

What flag is this so proudly seen to float?  
It is the hateful crescent ! and what cries  
Are those on which the Ottoman can gloat ?  
They are the sobs of infants, and the sighs  
Of virgins who deplore their natal skies—  
Their own loved Chios—whom some tyrants keep  
With iron grasp in bondage as their prize ;  
That they may barter beauty. “ Let us sweep  
Such despots,” Harold cries, “ into th' avenging deep.”

## LXXXII.

“ Or rescue those whom they would victims make  
Lest love should be the price of such foul deed.”  
The word is given!—’mid thunder, foes awake,  
From sleep aroused by flashing fire whose speed  
The lightning cannot in its course exceed.  
Each bullet is as true in deadly aim,  
As tho’ unbending destiny decreed  
Its murd’rous instincts to have been the same  
As man’s, from whom the bolts of ruthless vengeance came.

## LXXXIII.

The furrowed ranks are quickly drenched with blood.  
The deck is trembling ’neath the splintered mast.  
And from her pilot’s grasp, into the flood,  
With furious stroke, the shivered helm is cast.  
While fierce and iron show’rs of bullets last,  
The sluggish ship in vain attempts to fly,  
Yet all her decks belch out a fiery blast.  
Our bark upon her fleetness can rely,  
And like a skilful wrestler every stroke defy

## LXXXIV.

More than a hundred deadly shots were sent,  
With rushing sound across the startled deep ;  
When by a sudden heave our mast was bent,  
And did the foeman's rigging tangled keep.  
Then speedily did reckless Harold leap  
On board ; and with his sabre round him traced  
A bloody circle where the Turks should reap  
The fiery wrath which crime so quickly chased.  
His heroes bounding in his track, the deck soon paced.

## LXXXV.

But what a cry of horror and surprise,  
The conquerer arrests in his career !  
Is it the Ottoman that proudly dies ?  
Does he resolve in madness, or in fear,  
To perish with his prey ? The flames appear  
In torrents from between the decks, while shrieks  
From dying wretches strike upon the ear.  
T' escape the burning blast our hero seeks  
And parts the ship where flaming wrath its fury wreaks.

## LXXXVI.

Lamenting from afar the triumph won,  
He views the raging fire around the pile.  
From port to port the flames are seen to run,  
As tho' they were instinct with serpent's guile.  
Fanned by the fresh'ning gale they cling awhile,  
In circling wreaths about the blacken'd mast;  
And then upon the waves descending smile,  
With ghastly glare, but for a moment cast  
Upon the fated ship assailed with scorching blast.

## LXXXVII.

Beneath the falling mast the deck gives way;  
And on th' unfolding canvass flames take hold.  
Its scattered shreds in burning fragments lay  
Where liquid fires were seen like waves to fold,  
Instead of billows from the ocean rolled.  
But now! what brightness bursts upon the view!  
What tale is that by stifled mutt'rings told?  
The last sad glare the vengeful fires renew;  
And with the blazing wreck the smitten waters strew!



## LXXXVIII.

The heav'ns by wild explosion have been rent.  
The sparks are falling in a burning show'r.  
Blown into air the torn vessel's sent;  
And only by one dying splash has pow'r  
To fill with mournful sound the silent hour.  
The smoking wreck's extinguished by the tide.  
But cries at which the stoutest heart might cower,  
Are wafted by the breeze, nor aught beside  
The night and silence on the ocean now preside.

## LXXXIX.

Upon the gloomy sea what plaintive sound  
Is now renewed—now seems almost t' expire?  
Again 'tis faintly heard to float around  
The ship in tones that sympathy inspire.  
Roused by the seamen's cry, with soul on fire,  
Into the deep has fearless Harold rushed;  
Nor can the surge his practised arm now tire,  
Till from the jealous wave, a victim crushed,  
Is rescued ere the voice in death's for ever hushed.

## XC.

Then from a fragment of the wreck, with haste,  
An infant form he snatches up, and bears  
It to the deck where gently it is placed ;  
And 'neath the kindling stove a warmth shares ;  
Till on the cheek the flush of life it wears.  
The water from its beauteous hair he rung :  
And from the drenched and scorched garment tears  
A portrait which upon the child still hung,  
To view it by the flick'ring light upon it flung.

## XCI.

“ Ye gods ! the features which I here can trace  
Are mine !—Is it a vision that I see !  
Tell me thy name—“ 'tis Ada”—and thy place  
Of birth—“ 'tis Epidaurus”—who was she  
That with a mother's smile first looked on thee?  
“ Eloydne”—say what is thy father's name—  
“ I know not—but my mother placed on me  
“ His nameless image, when th' assassin's aim,  
“ With murd'rous rage against her bleeding bosom came ”

## XCII.

“ They speak about a stranger.....who can tell  
The mystery !”—enough, said Harold, “ go.  
To thee a father I shall be ;” then fell  
Upon and kissed this lonely child of wo.  
Eloydne’s name he murmured ! Did he know  
The secret of that birth, so much unblest ?  
Or was he touched by graces which could show  
A heav’n of innocence on her imprest,  
That might subdue the gloom within his rankling breast ?

## XCIII.

Before the beam of morning night retreats.  
Emerging from the deep that land’s descried  
Whose name the murmuring ocean yet repeats  
To ev’ry rock with voice of mournful pride—  
A land where recollections still must glide,  
Like deathless perfume over ev’ry shore,  
And round her flow upon the heaving tide.  
Tis Greece !—the very name such grandeur wore  
That man while humbled at the sound, must her adore.

## XCIV.

Tho' her's is now the glory of the past,  
Yet all can see for her the envied height,  
And sad decline which destiny had cast;  
Since tyrants have despised each sacred rite—  
Have sent upon her land a with'ring blight—  
Her temples trampled, and her sons enchained!  
The Christian's altar with unhallowed might,  
Has by the Prophet's turban been profaned,  
That they might kiss it, over whom th' Imposter reigned.

## XCV.

Amidst these ruins our enchanted eyes,  
Tho' weeping see her beauties all renewed.  
Nature made young by time that never dies,  
Has tyranny and man for her pursued,  
Till both beneath her spell have been subdued.  
She is the country of the gods and sun!  
Whose mountains on the very skies intrude,  
As if their azure heights and heav'n were one  
And in ethereal waves of brightness seemed to run.

## XCVI.

The arches of her olive hills decline,  
Where Syrinx on the flood is heard to sigh.  
Their sloping summits glitt'ring shine  
Beneath a flood of light that meets the eye,  
Caught from those sunny peaks which kiss the sky,  
And thence in swelling waves of verdure fall.  
There, hist'ry's page, or fable, places high  
The names whereby antiquity would call  
The seas—the mountains—with each ruined temple wall.

## XCVII.

This river—it is Alpheus!—and that mount—  
'Tis Pindus!—ev'ry stone can boast some name—  
Each rock, its trophy—ev'ry sacred fount,  
Its god—each wave, its voice. Wherever fame  
Has marked some cherished spot, she there would claim  
A hov'ring shade past mem'ries to infuse.  
These marshes and the Styx, they are the same!  
This gulf, tis the Chimera! Here the muse  
Of Homer on the rugged coast her step renews!

## XCVIII.

Resounding still beneath the foot of time,  
The shores at ev'ry step again reveal  
Another page of poetry sublime,  
Which hoary age and former glory seal.  
Altho' in vain our spirits seek to feel  
And realize the annals of the past,  
A dim remembrance on the mind must steal,  
To call for smiles at each propitious blast—  
For tears of sympathy while human sufferings last !

## XCIX.

We look upon the scene as if a son,  
In brilliant dreams beheld a mother's shade.  
For tho' rapt thoughts on vagrant fancies run,  
His breast with painful tenderness still swayed  
Recalls the image which the past has made.  
The apparition feasts his raptured sight ;  
While he beholds a bosom there portrayed  
Whence life had flowed to him. He saw the light  
That kindling in her eyes had made his own look bright.

## C.

He gazed upon the arms which oft embraced  
The tender child, and locked it to her breast.  
Then looked upon those lips where he had traced  
Each gushing word when he had been caressed,  
As tho' it were again to him addressed,  
That he might imitate the blessed sound !  
Her brow he sees, and would have there impressed  
A fervid kiss—but clouds were looming round ;  
Till he a shadow in his fond embrace had found.

## CI.

Homer! a name which earth, the sea and heav'n,  
From Pindus to the Hellespont repeat !  
A monument which other days have giv'n,  
That with astonishment our eyes should meet  
The record of a man!—how incomplete  
Such word to make thy peerless nature known !  
With admiration earth's almost replete ;  
And wearied with comparisons would own  
That thou art like the clouds around thy pages thrown !

## CII.

If man, we should have known thee by thy tears !  
A god had not been so benevolent  
As to deplore our suff'rings or our fears !  
It must have been, that when to earth was sent  
Such an immortal one whose breathings went  
To ev'ry soul, thou deeply then didst drink  
The milk of pity for each heart that's rent.  
When nature with her gods would monsters link  
And draw them from the depths of some foul slimy sink,

## CIII.

Thou wast alone in thy magnificence  
Created as another boundless deep,  
But still without a stream to issue thence—  
A sympathetic mirror which would keep  
Upon its bosom stars in heav'n that sleep ;  
Yet changing not the azure of its tide ;  
Reflecting all the grace of nymphs who sweep  
Along its shores, and from the shepherds hide—  
Glassing the cloud-winged storms of night above that ride—



## CIV.

And giving back an image of the mast  
When falling on the deck with crashing sound ;  
Together with the thunderbolts when cast,  
In forked and furious wrath with flames around,  
Striking the waves whence they again rebound,  
Then quench themselves beneath the tossing spray.  
Still while the universe itself is found  
Indebted to thy muse, it turns away  
With insult and ingratitude—nor owns thy sway !

## CV.

How like the treatment that a god would meet !  
And oft they say, that where thy mem'ry reigns,  
Thou didst with sounding lyre the listner greet,  
And all thy glory beg ! But why complains  
A rival of that glory ? In the strains  
Of mourning, yet of joy, this torch of heav'n  
May still be called thy tomb-star that remains ;  
Since foes whose envy would thy soul have riv'n,  
Now quarrel for the spot where thy last look was giv'n.

## CVI.

That glance was like the glory of the sun,  
Tho' risen late, on which an envious cloud  
Had lowr'd until its struggling course was run !  
Thy coffin lid itself has failed to shroud  
The mould'ring relics of a name so proud.  
Such foes were spawned by reptiles that would claim  
Thy very dust for food. Those insects crowd  
With poisoned sting to wound and soil thy fame ;  
Like serpents which from darkness and corruption came.

## CVII.

Heirs of the shame of Zöilus they thrive  
Upon the putrefaction of the grave ;  
And preying on thy glory they would strive,  
Amid contempt, their worthless names to save.  
'Tis destiny such ruthless scourges gave  
To ev'ry age. The distant star tho' bright,  
Has in its path a jealous cloud to brave :  
And when some name that climbs to glory's height  
Is heard too near 'twill grating on the ear alight,

## CVIII.

Like tones of harshness from some brazen bell  
That fiercely strike upon the startled brain ;  
But when its echoes from a distance fell,  
Rolling o'er woods and waves each dying strain ;  
The music does a moment still remain,  
In whisp'ring accents of celestial sighs ;  
Then softly on the far extending plain  
Expires ; while in its harmonies arise  
Dreams of the past with pray'rful thoughts that reach the skies.

## CIX.

What rock is that which hollowed by the tide,  
Eternally resounds and rears its head,  
Where blight and baldness like a curse abide ?  
Across the wave it darkly flings a dread  
And lengthened shadow where the ship has spread  
Her sails. A column stands upon the shore ;  
The noble wreck of times which long have fled ;  
In solitary grandeur to deplore  
The temple with its rites, that now exists no more.

## CX.

Lifting its head above the swelling wave,  
It looks upon those classic shores with pride ;  
And dares the wintry tempest still to brave.  
A boundary it seems upon the wide  
Expanse of time, to mark an age whose tide  
Has rolled away ! This relic of the fane,  
Where Pallas long was served, is now the guide  
By which the distant seaman hopes to gain  
A haven for his bark when bounding o'er the main.

## CXI.

The cape which it has crowned now bears its name ;  
And Harold looking on the deathless pile,  
Discovers Sunium that still would claim  
To be the honored refuge from a vile  
Insensate mob, where Plato lingered while  
He held communion with his inmost soul,  
And truthful nature heard, in whom no guile  
Was found. amid the harmonies that stole  
From spheres of heav'n o'er which his hallow'd eyes could roll.

## CXII.

He sat in silence on the strand and viewed  
The stars and billows, till in dreams he thought  
He heard the accents of the gods renewed  
In sounds with sweet celestial murm'ings fraught,  
Which to his breast some dim revealings brought.  
Celestial voice ! whose tones the ocean hears,  
In waves and fondest sighs from zephyrs caught ;  
Falling where man to plant his foot still fears !  
A voice that no instruction had for Harold's ears.

## CXIII.

What solemn chant is that which now ascends ;  
While o'er the tide his bark in silence steals ?  
What train of mourning robed in white now wends  
Its troubled way, and deep affliction feels ?  
Each rock—each hill the weeping throng reveals.  
And like a flock by trusty shepherds led,  
Its priests conduct the pious band. Then peals  
A hymn of death that from the shore has spread  
Upon the blast in dismal wail for loved ones dead.

## CXIV.

What are the holy burdens which they bear,  
And place upon the earth with awe profound?  
What anguish of the spirit can be there  
To bow the weeping victims to the ground?  
Tho' Harold trembles at the dirgeful sound  
No presage will he take; but quickly steers  
His vessel to the strand; then with a bound,  
He rushes to the scene of so much tears.  
But what a spectacle, ye gods, to him appears!

## CXV.

Close to an altar piled upon the old  
And crumbling portico, in order lay  
A host of coffins, over which was told  
The burial song amid the dread array  
Of deacons sprinkling on the breathless clay  
The sacred waters. All were seen to rest  
Where cypresses, as if in dark dismay,  
With palms and daffodils in circles press'd  
Around the group whom garments for the dead invest.

## CXVI.

When Harold sees this pomp of death he thinks  
That he is counting warriors who fell.  
With eyes suffused by tears, and heart that sinks,  
He looks around the tombs that he may tell  
The number of the fiery steeds which swell  
The dismal train, where drum and brazen note  
Should o'er the hero's bones with martial knell  
Be heard to raise the dying strains that float,  
As glory's tribute to the combatants she smote.

## CXVII.

But only veils and flow'rs that virgins wear,  
With distaff and with spindles can he see.  
Such emblems of a maiden's worth were there!  
The crowns of Hymen also seemed to be  
By girls of Hellas borne, who bend the knee  
At shrines of death. Bright lilies there they fling,  
From Erymanthus plucked, so wildly free.  
Acanthus in profusion now they bring  
And scatter it upon the graves round which they cling.

## CXVIII.

Here weeping infants clad in orphan dress,  
The floating corners of the linen held.  
And distant warriors their grief express.  
With drooping heads and murmurs loud that told,  
How beauty was cut down. Then with a bold  
And firm grasp, upon their swords they lay  
Fierce hands, suppressing sobs which would have roll'd  
In wild complaints against that bloody day,  
At whose dark mem'ry reason seems to lose her sway.

## CXIX.

Th' astonished Harold does not dare intrude  
Upon the recollection of the past,  
By which their anguished spirits were imbued.  
But when the awful moment came at last,  
That on the chalice ev'ry eye was cast—  
A virgin towards the sacred mound had sprung,  
With laurels on her brow! while on the blast  
Her hair appeared in wild disorder flung;  
And as a victim saved, to her dead sisters sung,



## CXX.

“ Upon the frozen summit of the bleak  
And savage Erymanthus we have fled  
From shores where Laos winds, that we might seek  
A shelter from the spears of tyrants, red  
With blood of human victims fiercely shed.  
Like herds of stricken deer, in vain we rushed  
From rock to rock o'er which the vizier led  
The ruthless Delhys, till our hopes were crushed  
On heights where thunders dwell, whose voice is never hushed.”

## CXXI.

“ Descended to the plain, now falls upon our view,  
The last sad night whose morning must reveal  
The horrors of our destiny ! How few  
And short the hours of sleep that scarcely steal  
Upon our eyes ! Then hastily we kneel,  
While priests are sending up to heav'n our pray'r,  
In strange dark words whose force we cannot feel.  
The earth beneath our feet on which there were  
So many soon to bleed, did then their blessing share.”

## CXXII.

Upon a craggy rock each sword is whet.  
Until it sparkles with a fitful beam.  
As an avenger, ev'ry weapon met  
The hot embrace of heroes who would seem  
To greet with dying brother's look the gleam  
Of vengeance flashing from the trusty steel.  
Fond wives with mothers now so precious deem  
The last few hours of life that still they kneel,  
And cling to those whose coming fate they darkly feel."

## CXXIII.

"Embracing with a firm unyielding grasp  
Their husbands once more gazing on their charms:  
They wildly then to throbbing bosoms clasp  
Loved infants shielded by their circling arms.  
And tho' fell death the latest hope disarms,  
They give their babes before they die that breast  
Whose life-stream soon must cease. But fresh alarms  
Are heard e're Menalus by gloom opprest,  
Was tinged with rays that could eclipse night's starry vest."

## CXXIV.

“ With cries of “ Allah !” earth itself resounds ;  
And from the shady valley’s deep recess,  
The sullen tramp of fighting men rebounds.  
From each dread height and depth around us press  
Rude hosts intent on ev’ry dark excess  
Of crime and blood. Their naked gleaming steel,  
With mingling shouts, and flash of guns express  
The murd’rous vengeance that our ranks must feel  
While ’neath the scimeter they now begin to reel.”

## CXXV.

“ One narrow pass with gloomy rocks o’erhung,  
Alone had dimly broken on our sight,  
The’ which sad mothers with their babes who clung  
To heaving breasts, and virgins take their flight,  
With men whom hoary years had robbed of might.  
Fond husbands, sons and brothers madly rushed  
Upon the foe with vengeance dark as night.  
Nor would they yield till life itself was crushed  
For us whose fear of ghastly death could not be hushed.”

## CXXVI.

“ The highest peak we gain, and wait for death.  
A dark and dread abyss is at our feet,  
Whose depth, with timid eyes and struggling breath,  
We dare not fully in its horrors meet.  
One verdant hillock was our last retreat.  
The cheerless Erymanthus crouched below,  
Cleft by the torrent from its mountain seat.  
Here trembling rocks their sides upheaving throw  
From stems whose crags in all their rudeness wildly grow.”

## CXXVII.

“ There vultures circling flap the deathly wing.  
And in the gloomy gulph are heard to roar  
The winds that in their madness wildly fling  
The foam of ceaseless waters, while they pour  
Their dark revenge where eye can reach no more.  
Upon those rugged rocks the fury fell ;  
And from deep beds, uprooted fragments tore.  
Night gath'ring all her clouds above this hell  
Is heard in endless thunder, tales of wrath to tell.”

## CXXVIII.

“ Encircled by the tempest, from this height  
Our eyes are fixed upon the bloody plain ;  
And 'mid the flashing meteors of the night,  
Behold our lovers, friends, and husbands slain.  
The Turk with reeking sword and tyrant's chain,  
Is panting now to grasp us for his prey.  
Each moment, by the lives that still remain,  
Was counted till the Ottoman should slay  
Those helpless ones 'gainst whom he urged his murd'rous way.”

## CXXIX

“ A woman's voice is heard—“ Sublime Despair !”  
The frantic mother cries—“ there now remains  
For us but one avenger.....yes, 'tis there—  
The dark abyss !” No longer she restrains  
Her hasty step—Her child !”—she still refrains !  
It smiles—but yet she tears away the breast  
Which its half opened mouth so long retains—  
Now lifts it—trembles—wavers—('tis caress'd)—  
Then steels herself against the idol she had blessed !”

## CXXX.

“ The foeman’s savage shout has caught her ear ;  
She maddens at the sound, and wildly flings  
Her babe into the gulph !—then turns with fear  
The eye from that abyss whose echo brings  
Such mutt’ring tone as thro’ the cavern rings,  
When monsters gloat upon their bleeding prey.  
She smiled, and said “ he soars on Freedom’s wings !  
Ye mothers, chase each craven thought away—  
With me, the voice of Liberty—not fear obey.”

## CXXXI.

“ Ye never yet the sons of slaves have borne  
Within your wombs ; nor with your milk have fed  
The coward’s offspring.” At these words, is torn  
Each sleeping child wherewith a mother fled,  
And from her warm embrace into the dread  
Unfathomed gulph is cast ! The fatal tomb  
Resounds ! while in a mournful dance we tread  
Around th’ abyss, with sad funereal gloom ;  
And overhang its depths like death’s dark nodding plume.”

## CXXXII.

“ Hand joined to hand, around the fearful deep  
We fling ourselves in circling measured pace ;  
And time, with choral song of virgins keep ;  
When they with Hymen's fetes the Ysmen grace  
And on its banks each joyful footstep trace.  
At ev'ry pause that marks the sacred air,  
Its closing note points out the hideous place  
Where, from this chain of death, each one must tear  
Herself, as if a broken link, the pit to share !”

## CXXXIII.

“ Then with a sudden bound th' abyss is gained.  
Rolling from height to height the dismal sound  
Of bodies mangled, and with blood profaned,  
Awakes the echoes of those depths profound,  
And is in chorus with our voices found,  
While chaunting in the strains of halcyon days  
This song whose tones with tenderness abound.  
Such air for us, embracing death, betrays  
An agonizing contrast to our bridal lays !”

“ Strew, strew with narcissus and roses ;  
Strew the couch where beauty reposes.”

“ Dark-eyed maid 'tis thy happiest hour !  
Why bow the head like a weeping flow'r,  
Swept by the blast till its lily form  
Bends o'er the wave to the passing storm.”

“ Strew, strew with narcissus and roses ;  
Strew the couch where beauty reposes.”

“ Thy lover !—I heard when his footsteps came.  
This ring is the seal of his passion's flame.  
If thine image hath pierced his fervid breast,  
There, without breaking that heart, it will rest.”

“ Strew, strew with narcissus and roses ;  
Strew the couch where beauty reposes.”

“ This hallowed torch in thy hand now take,  
An embalming flame in thy soul to wake ;  
Its fire shall purely within thee burn,  
And a fragrance shed, even round thine urn.”

“ Strew, strew with narcissus and roses ;  
Strew the couch where beauty reposes.”



“Look on these kids that about thee play,  
Which maidens have wreathed for the bridal day,  
Thus soon our enamelled plains shall see  
Thy little ones dance, as wild and free ”

“Strew, strew with narcissus and roses ;  
Strew the couch where beauty reposes.”

“Fly to the valley, and myrtles bend,  
Their shade for thy sleeping babe to lend.  
The wedding gift 's in the mower's hand.  
Its cradle a mother's skill has planned.”

“Strew, strew with narcissus and roses ;  
Strew the couch where beauty reposes.”

“List, list to the song of the turtle dove ;  
Let its tone by thine o'er the child of love.  
Catch the whisp'ring sigh of the waters lest  
It wake as it hangs on thy downy breast.”

“Strew, strew with narcissus and roses ;  
Strew the couch where beauty reposes

## CXXXIV.

“ Our steps thus ruled by pleasure’s syren notes,  
Accompanying the air by love inspired ;  
But serving now for death ! Such music floats  
Upon the bloody field, till heroes fired  
With madness, as tho’ life were not desired,  
March to the trumpet’s blast, with mingling song  
Of joy and death, ’mid swords with slaughter tired.  
Alas each moment, in our choral throng,  
Sad voices faintly heard, to us no more belong !”

## CXXXV.

“ With rapid whirl we still more swiftly fling  
Ourselves around ; while with a struggling sigh  
The stifled notes of those who faintly sing,  
Are quenched in their own pause, and mutely die  
With each who now to death for refuge fly.  
Again the chasm groans beneath the stroke  
So oft repeated ! Then the earth and sky  
Commingle seemed to reel, till fear awoke  
Each throb within my breast, as tho’ aloud it spoke !”

## CXXXVI.

“ At ev'ry fatal turn a voice is lost—  
A human form is plunged into the deep  
Voracious pit whose savage jaws had cost  
So many victims ! Now with circling sweep  
And closing song, in turn, I reach the steep—  
The headlong crags !—some angel must have caught  
Me 'neath his unseen shelt'ring wing to keep  
One voice to tell of death so nobly sought,  
Which impious man has seen—and yet believeth not !”

## CXXXVII.

She speaks no more. The mute astonished crowd  
Still hang upon the accents of the past.  
The kindling incense rising like a cloud,  
On ev'ry coffin seemed a mist to cast;  
As if upon those altars smoked the last  
Warm stream of martyred blood. Above the dead,  
The brazen note is heard with martial blast—  
But on his rapid way the stranger sped,  
Ere it evoked the genius of those shores, now fled.

## CXXXVIII.

He reaches Phyle—Phyle ! deathless plain  
Where Athens was avenged—when broken lay  
The thrice ten links of that foul cursed chain  
Which tyrants forged—where from the fray,  
With reeking sword, and conqueror's proud sway,  
The hero graved his name on altars raised  
To Pallas ; and with Solon shone ! But say,  
Has Harold stopped upon thy rock, and gazed  
At Liberty's horizon that with glory blazed

## CXXXIX.

Beyond the battlement of Cecrop's tow'rs  
And waves of Salamis ?—He pauses there—  
He looks upon the evening sun which low'rs  
Above the hills of Attica ; and where  
The plains of Phyle lengthened shadows wear,  
Flung from Pentelicus. There Harold rests  
Upon a trunk of Daphne's tree, to share  
With chiefs and soldiers gathered round as guests,  
The gifts from foreign shores wherewith he each invests.

## CXL.

He shows them, scattered round, the shining lance—  
The dagger—bullets murd'rous in their flight—  
The carriages and cannon whose advance  
Is with the thunder's roll—the gold so bright  
Wherewith the price of blood is paid—the light  
Of gleaming steel whose edge can force the gold.  
Such gifts the chieftains with their men of might,  
Exulting share. Th' Albanian fierce and bold—  
Th' Epirot of a lofty brow and haughty mould—

## CXLI.

Ætolians proud in mein—with seamen, like  
The dolphins that from Parga dye the wave  
In blood—the Phocian peasant armed to strike  
With vengeance—wand'ring shepherds rudely brave  
Who tame the steeds of Elis—these, to save  
Their country, at the trumpet's fearful sound,  
Or when the tambour's heard, are seen to wave  
Their consecrated banners; and are found  
Defiling with the weapons that were piled around.

## CXLII.

They bathe with tears, and promise to those arms  
The blood of foes ; while in their leader's glance,  
They see a more than human spell that charms  
Their vengeful breasts. They hail not his advance  
With trident or with ploughshare to enhance  
Their wealth ; nor with the olive pledge of rest ;  
Nor wiser laws, does he their souls entrance ;  
Nor with rich culture would their land invest ;  
But now imposing silence, thus their ranks address'd.

## CXLIII.

“ To you I am a stranger—on your shores  
Am but a mere barbarian from a clime  
Less pure. Ye sons of Greece whom earth adores !  
Whose sires were nobler than mine own. A crime  
It is to call you brothers ! Hallow'd time  
Has noted on her page the names of kings,  
Of heroes, and of gods from whose sublime  
And mystic race your classic country springs,  
But still you deem each man a son where pity wrings”

## CXLIV.

“The tear of sympathy ; and in his arm  
Her sons a quick avenger find ! ’Tis not  
By vain similitudes I come to charm  
Your glowing courage—No—a single thought  
Has lodged within your souls, till it has caught  
The only word that’s in your language found—  
’Tis LIBERTY !.....What accents shall be sought,  
Which in the ear of Sparta shall resound,  
Till she, with Athens, hurl each despot to the ground ?”

## CXLV.

“This heav’n—these sacred mounts—this azure deep—  
Your own Demosthenes !—Where eyes can turn  
Or steps impress themselves, the soil would keep  
The record of a triumph, or an urn.  
From Leuctra to proud Marathon still burn  
The accents of those voices which exclaim  
For VENGEANCE ! LIBERTY ! and FAME ! They spurn  
Each tyrant who would crush the very name  
Of virtue and of country ; and aloud proclaim”

## CXLVI.

“ That swords—not speeches must assert their right.  
Behold them here ! and grasp the faithful steel ;  
That with the dastard blood of those who fight  
Against her sons, your reeking soil may feel  
Her vengeance quenched. The crouching slave must ree  
Beneath the clash of arms that nerves the brave.  
No recompense do I demand ; but kneel  
For liberty to die ; and only crave,  
That on the field of carnage may be found my grave.”

## CXLVII.

“ This blood that boils for glory I would pour  
Upon your plains : ’tis worthy of the days  
Gone by. And ere this fevered life is o’er,  
To sons of Greece and liberty I raise  
My voice and ask this tribute to my praise—  
That Harold’s genius on your ranks may rest ;  
And as a god be deemed, when slaughter lays  
The exiled pilgrim in the dust. This breast  
Has deeply in its shrine the burning thought imprest,”



## CXLVIII.

“That some new Parthenon shall rise and tell  
Where glory had embalmed my name in tears ;  
And that my banished shade may ever dwell  
Within the costly tomb it proudly rears  
In ev’ry heart. For if the martyr hears  
The wing of liberty above his grave,  
It is enough. No more his spirit fears  
A destiny so grand.” But, o’er the wave  
The cannons growl ! The storm of battle ’s heard to rave ;

## CXLIX.

And from the vale of Alpheus rebounds.  
The waters of Lepanto, and the height  
Of bold Rypheus groan. All Greece resounds,  
When coming signals tell that in the fight,  
Her heroes struggle for their country’s right.  
Each son ’s a soldier—and each soldier bears  
A martyr’s name. As in the eagle’s flight,  
The thunder-bolts are sought, so Harold dares  
To rush where tumult gathers, and where lightning glares.

## CL.

Behold him pierce the cloud of smoke and fire,  
With curb abandoned to his nettled steed.  
Intoxicated with the mad desire  
Of death, he hurries with the torrent's speed,  
Amid the ranks of flame and swords that feed  
On quiv'ring limbs, by cannon bleeding flung.  
Upon the scene where friend and foeman bleed,  
He smiles; and where the storm of bullets rung,  
The crowding warriors, astonished, round him hung.

## CLI.

Where iron jaws belch forth the fatal shell  
That ploughs the smoking earth, he stands and bares  
His breast; as tho' the angry bolt which fell,  
In wildest transport now he madly dares.  
And like death's angel with an eye that glares,  
He would despise the flashing sword, and brave  
The thunder. Yes! the god of men still wears  
The name of war. It is divine. The grave  
Itself has charms which mortals sometimes darkly crave.

## CLII

The Being who divides the seas and skies ;  
Who from the fierce north wind strikes off the chain,  
And bids the madden'd tempest rise ;  
Who gives the thunder-clouds a slacken'd rein,  
Till struggling elements no more restrain  
The voice of majesty that can affright—  
Yet charm. He makes the bloody field retain  
A deep intoxicating spell whose might  
Can throw its fascinations round the deadly fight.

## CLIII.

War's fearful game can spread a luscious meal ;  
And fresh attraction, of itself renewed,  
It still exerts, yet makes its victim feel  
The recompense to be a field that's strewed  
With human gore. The very die's imbued  
Therewith ere it is cast. The vulture's wing  
Above its prey would threaten—then illude—  
Nor does it certain death to suff'rings bring ;  
But only glory's light on one vast tomb can fling !

## CLIV.

Now since another dares to tune his lyre  
To strains of Homer, he a martyr's name  
Would sing—a martyr whose proud thoughts aspire  
To save a people—whose undying fame  
Is purchased by his glorious blood—whose claim  
To immortality the heav'ns have paid.  
Some future age, the altars shall proclaim,  
Not only names of gods again displayed,  
But deeds o'er which the clouds of time had cast their shade.

## CLV.

Odysseus, Marc, and Kanaris shall stand  
Engraven there. It is enough to name  
The hero now. We need not more demand  
From his own faithless age than, to its shame,  
The character of man to grant! Where came  
The cross, it conquered—there the crescent fled!  
And Greece is laved in her own blood. The fame  
Of trophies, worthy Othman's sons, and led  
Unto the sultan's gate by Delhys and by dread

## CLVI.

Osmanlhys shall no more to them belong ;  
Nor to the slaves employed to hunt but slaves.  
Instead of spoils, their severed heads shall throng  
The bloody portals. Where the prophet raves  
The Pantheon is roused ; but Harold craves  
His wonted joy ; and tho' a victor, steals  
To his lov'd deserts ; while the sword he waves  
Falls powerless from his grasp. His breast, he feels,  
No sympathy with earth for empty sound, conceals,

## CLVII.

Where happiness no echo hath, to give  
The accents back again to man. His soul  
Where only pity's voice is heard can live ;  
While, like the murm'ring streams that darkly roll,  
Within the wood, we feel its soft control.  
He is like beings who exist unknown—  
Mysterious—and apart—as if they stole  
Away from crowded haunts to be alone  
Where life its common beaten track has never shown.

## CLVIII.

Its current is for their desire too slow.  
Their souls must run in channels deep and wide ;  
Where swelling waters with resistless flow,  
From steep to steep are rushing ; where the tide  
Is now upon the summit—then would hide  
Its waves within the dark abyss. It roars ;  
It foams ; and bears away the banks with pride.  
Or calming down its transports, now implores  
Oblivion's sudden sleep upon the stormy shores.

## CLIX.

Forgetting its steep course in soft repose ;  
Unconsciously it winds ; and from its breast  
Reflects with floating mirror, all that glows  
In heav'n and nature, with the pensive rest  
Of evening. Hearts which seem to be imprest  
With images diverse from meaner thought !—  
Beings ceasing to be man, who oft arrest  
The mind !—such Harold is. Repose was fraught  
With hell to him 'mid crowds ! The desert then he sought.

## CLX.

Upon the heights of Aracynthus where  
The sea in stormy circle rolls around—  
Those shady spots which Actium's glory share,  
Since like a sword upon that sacred ground,  
The shattered sceptre of mankind was found  
To change from hand to hand—he there would stay;  
Where Achelous near a valley bounds,  
Where ivy clings and bends its murm'ring way  
Thro' forests where the broad and gloomy channels lay.

## CLXI.

It flows 'neath darkest stems of Cypress trees,  
And Platane which a holy shrine conceal  
From unbelieving eyes. There Harold sees  
A cell where one lone hermit's wont to kneel,  
Tho' in the land of Islam. Sounds reveal  
His plaintive voice, in lonely echoes roll'd  
From dread monastic walls whose altars feel  
That he their last sad guardian is. The old  
And prayerful man no more his earthly name had told.

## CLXII.

To sainted men, as Cyril, he was known.  
His years had not to earth inclined the eye ;  
For prayer had fixed his soul upon the throne  
Of heav'n ; and to the vault of blue on high,  
Had turned his fervent glance. A hallow'd sigh  
Was on his lips—the emblem of his heart—  
And snowy curls with'ring seemed to lie  
Upon his brow ; yet scarcely could impart  
The look of age to him, so soon from life to part.

## CLXIII.

His hands the sceptre of a shepherd bore—  
The rod which his paternal care extends  
To guide the timid sheep. Alas ! no more  
His lone and widowed crozier gently bends  
Above the flock ; but while the pastor wends  
His pathway to the tomb, it guards his feet !  
A beard of wavy whiteness amply sends  
Its streaming length upon his breast. They meet—  
And Harold mute with awe, the patriarch would greet.



## CLXIV.

Beholding him, he feels like one whose sin  
Upbraids the heart when in some holy place.  
These altars which embedded stand within  
The walls—these walls which fervent prayer for grace  
Have penetrated oft—the shaddowy trace  
Of ONE whose all pervading image dwells  
'Neath that dread roof—all these arrest his pace,  
And with confusion touch his soul which tells  
That he should worship Him 'gainst whom he still rebels.

## CLXV.

The hermit shakes the dust from off his feet ;  
And to the Pilgrim opes his friendly door.  
He shows him on the walls of his retreat,  
These graven words, "BLEST BE FOR EVERMORE  
THE STRANGERS WHO THE NAME OF CHRIST ADORE."  
This dark deserted pile, as with a spell,  
The soul of Harold bound. The arms he wore  
Were laid within those walls whose echoes dwell  
Upon the startled ear, where cumbrous weapons fell.

## CLXVI.

His pages rest beneath the ample roof;  
While through the spacious courts the mettled steed  
Is wandering mid the tombs which 'neath his hoof  
Lie trampled. Where the neighing coursers feed  
Above the martyr's graves who for their creed  
Had bled, these ancient monuments return  
The echoing sounds. But Harold will not heed  
Such voices that recall him from the urn—  
The cave—the chapel—where his silent steps would turn.

## CLXVII.

Wandering by night and day he murm'ring sighs;  
And turns his looks to heav'n; yet seems to keep  
No recollection of the past. His eyes  
Are fixed intensely on the inward deep  
Dark current of his gloomy breast, whose steep  
And onward course they still pursue. For where  
Can vagrant thoughts like his find rest?.....They sweep  
O'er time and matter, as on the wings that dare  
With eagle's flight, his soul from grovelling earth to bear.

## CLXVIII.

He soars into the gath'ring clouds which low'r,  
In wild chaotic mass without control ;  
Where images and phantoms have the pow'r,  
Confusion's dark presentiments to roll  
In shapeless forms before the wildered soul—  
Such disembodied thoughts no words express ;  
Nor at such visions eye hath glances stole ;  
Where blackest night the spirit can repress,  
And plunge the mind in gloomy ocean's deep recess.

## CLXIX.

From earth to heav'n—again from heav'n to earth ;  
As if it were the lightning's flash that fell  
Upon the dazzled eye ; or as the birth  
Of thunder whose last bolt would proudly tell  
The raging storm to cease and then dispel  
Each threatening cloud, while ghastly light is shed,  
In fitful gleams unable to repel  
The deep'ning gloom ; thus stormy passions fled.  
Thro' Harold's breast ; and fiercely on his vitals fed.

## CLXX.

The force that wings the arrow in its flight,  
Upon itself recoils, and breaks the bow,  
When braced with strength ; so Harold in his might,  
Such thoughts from his dark bosom dared to throw  
As must destroy the source whence they could flow.  
Yes ! mind is like a sword which gods impart,  
With double edge, and tempered in the glow  
Of heav'n—a weapon found to crush the heart ;  
Or act against celestial pow'r the victor's part.

## CLXXI.

How strange the destiny that o'er his life  
Presides ! The death he so much woos retires ;  
And glory will not terminate the strife.  
His days in dark oblivion, as the fires  
Whose flame unfed by fuel soon expires,  
Are quenched in night. A pallor 's on his brow—  
No more his trembling hand or step inspires  
The look of strength. His gloom will scarce allow  
The sun to smile upon him in its brightness now.

## CLXXII.

Two suns, like wild Orestes, it is thought  
He saw revolving in the arch on high.  
Yet, as an infant genius who had sought  
To guard each step, behold his Ada nigh!--  
Lov'd Ada—whose soft accents he would try  
To catch, and often sweetly seemed to hear.  
His troubled dreams were banished, and his sigh  
Was hushed while he could think her form was near,  
And by that name might be invoked—to him so dear.

## CLXXIII.

She soon shall wear such graces—and those years.....  
But 'tis not she!--Her image only seems  
To fall upon his sight. The soul appears,  
A moment happy, while it fondly deems  
That she is near. In such deceitful dreams  
His heart forgets the wound by which 'tis slain.  
Upon her brilliant cheek there scarcely gleams,  
The light of ten frail springs to mark the reign  
Of undecided years, and tell of childhood's wane.

## CLXXIV.

As fruit whose blossoms ripen in the sun,  
When hanging on the stem ; so is the heart.  
The light of reason dawns e're youth has run  
Its early race ; or can as yet depart  
From cradle innocence whose days impart  
The pure—the happy look of angel life  
In heav'n, where spring from endless being may not part.  
A moment only is such pleasure rife !  
While sons of earth can look—and feel not passion's strife.

## CLXXV.

Then love itself can with a brother's eye,  
Unblushing on the brow of beauty gaze  
And ask without the breathing of a sigh,  
The kiss of purity, or smile which plays  
Upon the lips. The winds, now sporting, raise  
Her flaxen hair, and fling it o'er the face.  
While with her infant hands each lock that strays  
Is thrown upon her neck, with childlike grace.  
Then twin blue stars, as if in sleepless heav'n, we trace.

## LXXVI.

Midnight upon the dark monastic walls  
Was spread. In her lone turret Ada lay.  
No balmy sleep on Harold's eyelid falls ;  
While burning thoughts upon his bosom prey.  
Where his unvaried steps direct their way,  
The courts resound. And by the dying flame  
That from each pillar gleamed with struggling ray,  
In vigils for the dead, the Pilgrim came  
Where silent walls, the temple and the shrine proclaim.

## CLXXVII.

The star of night into the casement shed  
A solitary beam, like hope's young flight  
Across some cheerless scene ; or as the dread  
And searching glance of Him whose sight  
Can reach the darkness of the soul. This light,  
So chaste and holy, fell upon the graves  
Where names of saints on trampled tombs excite  
His wrath—where not the martyr's image saves  
Those relics from the recent blood that slaughter craves.

## CLXXVIII.

That altar reconstructed by the hands  
Of Cyril is despoiled of worthless show ;  
Yet in its naked solitude demands  
Our faith. Its terrors can sublimely throw  
A majesty around, till scorn shall grow  
Abashed. Graved in the marble, and alone—  
That name—The TRINITY—must there bestow  
A power to scare the bosom madly prone  
To dark blaspheming thoughts ; where unbelief is sown.

## CLXXIX.

Harold his step restrains, and seeks a tomb  
Where he may rest. “ What peace unto the dead,  
He there exclaims”—how deeply mid the gloom  
They sleep, upon whose grave-stones o’er their bed  
Of dust I walk ! The space that here I tread  
Has been enough for spirits now on high.  
’Twas here they prayed ; and here in sleep which fled  
From my embrace, these saints for ever lie.  
This—this—to them was life—to breathe, to pray, to die ! ”



## CLXXX.

“ Their universe was but the altar's shade.  
Ambition, knowledge, glory, love—such dream—  
Could not with virtue and with crime invade  
Their souls ; nor that which mortals deem  
A boon, did they desire. But yet the gleam  
Of all that was sublime, from heaven they caught !  
And shall it but a deathless vision seem ?  
Can God whom they at ev'ry moment sought ;  
Whose image each recurring scene to mem'ry brought ;”

## CLXXXI.

“ On whom they lived, as if their souls he fed  
Until the grave received its destined prey ;  
Can He, a mere idea that has fled  
Across the mind, be deemed ? or shall I say  
He is an everlasting thought !—a ray  
Of hope—a prop which in this life we use,  
And till its close will fling it not away ?  
Can aught which this undying soul would choose,  
Man's future expectations raise—and then abuse ?”

## CLXXXII.

“ Such hope tho’ wrapt in gath’ring clouds awhile,  
Itself from earth can never wholly tear;  
But will thro’ ev’ry age in gladness smile.  
And reign with boundless sway! Then, shall I dare  
To question.....or the sceptic’s gloom to share?  
Perhaps whatever can attract the heart,  
And is not God, must only be the glare  
Which some delusive dream would now impart  
From childhood’s playful days till life’s brief hours depart!”

## CLXXXIII.

A dying flow’r, love only gains—a day  
Is pleasure’s gift—the cup is quickly drained  
Whence knowledge flows—ambition burns to sway  
A sceptre; but when with the burden pained  
Would fling away the pow’r whereby it reigned—  
Glory’s torch upon the coffin lid is cast!  
The very hand is scorched that has been trained  
To grasp it. But he sighs not for the past,  
Who burns for sovereign beauty which must ever last”

## CLXXXIV.

“ His holy aspirations must consume  
Himself; yet never can the soul perceive  
Such dream to close. It must again resume  
Its force: and in his breast th’ impression leave,  
That dreams of yesterday shall fondly cleave  
To him upon the morrow; while the grave  
Must, like the hero’s tomb, his hope receive;  
As tho’ it were a trusty sword to save  
From foes in life, and pillow then, in death, the brave.”

## CLXXXV.

“ Vain mortals! have they sickened at the thought  
Of us, or of themselves?—and were they wise,  
Or foolish? From the tomb must now be sought  
A dark response! The grave alone can prize  
The worth, or tell the name of each that lies  
Within its womb. Their hopes, if false, were mine;  
And as delusions still would dimly rise,  
To tell of life immortal and divine,  
For whose effulgent dream this breast must long repine ”

## CLXXXVI.

“ Never have I ceased to muse upon such theme !  
To seek for God has been my task !—yet fear  
I have not grasped the very thoughts which seem  
To strive within my soul. Some pensive tear,  
Or sigh alone proclaims that he is near.  
Amongst the gods of earth I only see  
His emblem ; and would madly still adhere  
To vain creations of a deity,  
Conceived by this proud mind, to whom I then might flee.”

## CLXXXVII.

“ But ah ! perhaps I should with prostrate mind,  
Receive him as he is revealed on high !  
With reason crouching, faith alone should bind,  
Where further light to man she would deny ;  
And where the universe itself would try,  
In words of burning thought, his name to praise.  
Thou name sublime !—yet changed 'neath ev'ry sky,  
Where man, an altar, to thy sovereign ways  
As God—Jehovah—Saviour—Destiny—would raise.”

## CLXXXVIII.

“ Whoe’er thou art, thou hast not met our sight,  
Save in a dark mysterious robe ! Thou dread  
Enigma wrapt in shrouds of gloomy night ;  
Before whose words the trembling earth has fled !  
Now hear my voice ; and say, is nature led  
A captive by our prayers ? and does she slight  
The laws to which so long she has been wed,  
When conquered by that mystic pow’r whose might  
Can check the stars, and blot from heav’n the moon’s pale  
light ? ”

## CLXXXIX.

“ If so this heav’n should crush me ; and the jaws  
Of earth should widely open to receive  
The rebel who has trampled on thy laws !  
Then answer, I conjure thee ; let me cleave  
To that unerring spell which men believe  
Can make their prayers ascend—it is the fire  
That rages in the breast, and there would leave  
An unextinguished flame of fierce desire—  
By such undying hope, I would of heav’n inquire !

## CXC.

“ In mutt’ring thunder, is the answer sent ?  
And when such accents on the ear resound ;  
By dark suspicion shall this soul be rent ;  
Or may I think a sure reply is found ?  
And you, oh dead ! who slumber ’neath the ground ;  
Ye ghosts ! that in a bloody grave still lie ;  
If pity in your bosoms can abound  
While now in bliss ; by Him who is on high—  
The martyr’s god—I only ask from you a sigh—

## CXCI.

“ One sigh alone—a word—and all my gloom  
Shall be dispelled ; if from the dead ’tis brought ! ”  
Then bending down his ear upon the tomb,  
He seemed as tho’ a distant sound he caught.  
And when the holy sage at morning sought  
To kindle o’er the monumental stone,  
Th’ expiring lamp that hung above the vault,  
He found him in the dust and prostrate thrown  
Upon the graves to hear, if only, one faint tone.

## CXCII.

He looks upon the risen sun in vain.  
To him the day no genial heat imparts;  
Nor sleep by night can restless Harold gain.  
His brow beneath the weight of travel smarts;  
And more than years with ev'ry hour departs.  
His malady he knows not, still it preys  
Upon that life which recklessly he parts.  
The river of the desert as it strays  
And swells above its banks, his wasting course displays.

## CXCIII.

Look, look upon this sacred Nile whose tide  
With deep majestic sound must ever sweep  
Its fruitful banks; where swelling in their pride,  
The restless waves, eternally aroused from sleep,  
No fetters may within their channel keep.  
Far from its urn the waiting ocean lies.  
But soon upon its own devouring deep  
And sandy bed, the surging river dies;  
While we in vain demand the place to which it flies!

## CXCIV.

Thus Harold's days depart in wild career.  
Within his breast the springs of life are dried.  
Yet in his youthful dreams are ever near—  
The seas—the skies—the woods “Oh Ada, guide  
My falt'ring steps ere beauteous day shall glide  
For ever into sullen night's embrace.  
Let me adore blest nature in her wide  
And glorious range.” Already can he trace  
The mountain's sunny top where gath'ring shadows chase

## CXCV.

The star of day from heav'n, while dimness falls  
Upon the scene ; as when the fisher rests  
Within his skiff, and from the ocean hauls  
His dripping net where sparkling light invests  
The waters with its gems. Soft eve divests  
The sun of strength, and bids the eye behold  
A clear horizon. Deep'ning shade arrests  
The melting hues of day ; and would unfold,  
As with prismatic spell their tints of light and gold.



## CXCVI.

The sea, the wind, the voice of nature, all—  
Conspire in secret conclave, to repose  
Beneath the wing of night. No ray can fall  
From heav'n—no sigh, departing day now throws  
From her sad breast. His seat the pilgrim chose  
Where gloomy branches flung their dark'ning shade.  
He gazes there upon the waves that rose—  
The skies—the shore—till woods and tide invade  
His all-absorbing mind with sounds in chorus made.

## CXCVII.

He dwells upon such tones, and seems to hold  
Communion with the spirit of the air.  
Then Ada turning archly to behold  
His thoughtful brow, still wreaths her flowing hair  
With scented flow'rs which she had gathered there.  
Upon her bosom is their fragrance shed ;  
While she the scattered buds in sport would share  
With Harold, round whose seat in play she fled :  
And cast upon his knees the leaves that graced her head.

## CXCVIII.

Pindus and Ossa in their wildness frown,  
Struck by the latest beam of sinking day.  
In grandeur do their pyramids look down  
From heights on which the sun has poured his ray ;  
And where the tinted snow in whiteness lay.  
Thro' gilded and thro' furrowed clouds he steered,  
As if a burning ship still held her way  
'Mid stormy seas, tho' rising crags appeared,  
Like these, to threaten where their tow'ring sides were reared.

## CXCIX.

From hill to hill the waning light descends  
Till ev'ry mountain's base beneath the deep  
Is lost ; which as another heav'n extends  
In soft and azure hues ; where from the steep  
And woody Aracynthus shadows sleep  
Upon the placid gulf. There gently rest  
His snowy heights and lofty slopes which keep  
Their image, 'mid each threat'ning blast, imprest  
Upon the floating mirror's calm and silv'ry breast.

## CC.

The waters where the Alcyon broods ; so dear  
To seamen, scarcely roll their peaceful waves.  
No swelling furrows from the depths appear ;  
Nor heaving surge in foaming anger raves.  
The balmy zephyr's dimpling smile enslaves  
Each wave that on the surface dares to rise.  
No voice, the hoarse and madd'ning wind, outbraves ;  
But billow gracefully 'neath billow dies ;  
And on th' unruffled distant coast in stillness lies.

## CCI.

But yet a joyous wave would sometimes bound ;  
And falling back in spray ; with flakes of light  
Would strew the sea, and fling soft mists around.  
Or, with the day, some bark would take her flight  
Upon the waste of waters, where the bright  
And trembling sail expands, and where the mast  
Is bent beneath the breeze of threat'ning night ;  
Then like a fleecy cloud reflect the last  
Faint gleam which day upon the dim horizon cast.

## CCII.

The herdsman's flute, or rush of azure dove  
Alone is heard beneath the pensive sky ;  
Where skimming o'er the deep on wings of love,  
The gentle flocks are mingling, as they fly,  
Their plaintive tones with ocean's bursting sigh.  
From ev'ry cliff, with moss, they seek their nest  
Upon the waves. There with enraptured eye,  
Man looks upon the elements at rest,  
As tho' enchantment did the blissful scene invest.

## CCIII.

The look—the very soul—in wildness strayed ;  
And raised themselves to nature's thrilling tone.  
As when soft notes the ravished ear invade,  
And make the elevated spirit own  
The pow'r which music has around it thrown.  
“ Triumph ! immortal nature,” Harold cries ;  
“ For while the slave who worships thee alone,  
And on thy beauty dwells with lover's eyes,  
To thee once more would raise his latest glance, he dies ! ”

## CCIV.

“ Yes, triumph ! nature—thou survivest still !  
Within thy bosom what o'erwhelmed lives  
Are crushed ! There being follows being till  
The grave is fruitful, and cold death revives.  
Fleet time exhausts itself, and vainly strives  
To tell thy years by each revolving day.  
The age departs—another now arrives.  
But thou art young ! and tho' a starry ray  
Be quenched ; again 'tis kindled, and must own thy sway ! ”

## CCV.

“ Or in thy breast does some volcano rage ?—  
By thee 'tis quenched ! Does ocean madly rise,  
And sweep thy rocky shores ?—thou dost assuage  
Its fury ! Shall a nation rend the skies  
With sounds of bloody conflict where it dies  
Beneath contending monarchs ?—earth has whet  
Her teeth to fatten there upon the prize ;  
And on the battle field has thickly set  
The golden seed where harvest hath the sickle met. ”

## CCVI.

“The trampled grass is withered 'neath my feet ;  
An acorn dies ; or men from earth depart ;  
And thou regardest not ! for then we meet  
Thy witching looks ; and when they die thou art  
Still younger ! Now, as then, thou dost impart  
Those smiles to prove thy immortality  
Of beauty ; while within his throbbing heart  
Crushed man must feel that only death can be  
The goal to which his fast careering blood must flee.”

## CCVII.

“What then ? Dost thou, at least, not love the slave  
That feels such love for thee ? Has pity fled  
Thy breast ; and must I seek my chilly grave  
Unwept ? Shall tears of burning sorrow shed  
In misty darkness, hide thee from my bed ?  
Less sadly could I look upon my end,  
If when the Pilgrim lies before thee dead,  
Thou didst lament ; and should the heav'ns lend  
A fainter gleam that would upon the morrow send”

## CCVIII.

“Its pale and sorrowing light upon his tomb ;  
And if the waves, the winds, the drifting leaves,  
Would say ‘He is no more—then let our gloom,  
In silence reign above the sod that heaves  
Upon his dust!’ But no! thy spirit cleaves  
To its unchanging path; and thou wilt shine  
To-morrow brightly as the eye perceives  
Thee now to look! Oh, if thou wouldst recline  
Above my bier and weep—this breast should not repine!’

## CCIX.

“There never yet from earth and fire hath sprung  
A being who has mingled more his soul  
With thy pure elements; nor mortal hung  
With so much fervor on the sounds that roll  
From thy loved voice! In sadness have I stole  
Within the forest’s deep and holy shade;  
And all its gloom respired, as if my whole  
Existence had been where each footstep made  
The troubled echoes of its death-like domes afraid!’

## CCX.

“ On mountains where the air-built rocks are piled,  
And reach the skies, I heard while thunder spoke ;  
And looked where lightnings ghastly smiled  
When freed from clouds that fiercely seemed t' invoke  
The crashing wrath from heav'n which wildly broke .  
In lurid streams of forked and furious flame  
It burst, as if the eye of storm awoke !  
Or rushing thence where ocean's breath would claim  
My flutt'ring sail ; upon its furrowed depths I came.”

## CCXI.

“ When mirthful winds had tossed my joyous bark,  
And moved the dread abyss, each foaming wave  
I loved to see ; and could with rapture mark  
The billows which beneath the prow would rave,  
And toss the smoking spray around their slave.  
In triumph was I borne upon the wild  
And swelling flood whose strength I longed to brave ;  
Tho' it were only like a feeble child  
Who on the crouching lion, as a playmate smiled.”



## CCXII.

“ While I was wretched, thou wast then more dear  
And sacred to my breast ; when man was thought  
An alien, thy young image was so near  
This heart that in my loneliness I sought  
Thy voice—yet solitude to man is nought  
But an asylum for unpitied wo—  
And still my latest hour with grief is fraught,  
Since death must close those eyes against the glow  
Which heav’n shall on my cold and lifeless marble throw.”

## CCXIII.

Thou couldst an Eden still for me create,  
Tho’ reft of idols shrined within my breast !  
Thy beauty could on earth my soul elate ;  
And I would find my own eternity of rest  
With thee ; if only there should be imprest  
The image of my bliss on some fond eyes ;  
And if my ecstasy might then invest  
Them with the light which thou dost bid to rise  
Reflected from thy god on all that round thee lies ;”

## CCXIV.

“ Like thee could I.....but hold.....yes, I expire !  
Ye suns adieu, that float in heav’n’s blue space—  
Ye days rekindled by unearthly fire.  
Adieu ye nights of touching thrilling grace—  
Ye weavy beams which morn and evening trace—  
Ye forests sparkling in the early dew—  
Ye mountains whose bright summits gladly chase  
Away the night—ye clouds that fainter grew,  
While rays of gold their tints upon your darkness threw !

## CCXV.

Adieu ye trees whose circling branches fling  
Their bloom around—ye symphonies of air—  
Ye sighs and murmurs of the deep which bring  
Such tones ! Adieu ye shoreless surges where  
The foam disgorged is swallowed in despair—  
Ye sails, as graces sweeping o’er the tide—  
Ye tempests where the day ’mid lightning’s glare  
Expires—ye billows heaving with a bosom’s pride,  
That sported round my bark, or on the shore have died !”

## CCXVI.

“ Ye elements in harmony that blend—  
Noise ! silence ! perfume ! rest, with bliss, farewell !  
Nature at length we part ! and tho' I send  
To thee my last adoring look, no spell  
Can make thy fading beauties longer dwell  
Upon these eyes ! But death shall soon unite  
With thee, my flesh—my senses—and shall tell  
The thinking pow'r within, that to the light—  
The waves—the air—the dust—it now must take its flight !”

## CCXVII.

“ Or if the spirit should my frame survive,  
Then as a subtle odour it shall fly  
From this crushed vessel—yet the more alive !”.....  
But hark !—that wail—the knell of death is nigh—  
It strikes its latest hour ! With struggling sigh  
Upon his dying bed, the Pilgrim hears  
At night, this call of death sent from on high,  
Until his almost vanished soul appears  
Recalled by sounds that mark his anguish and his fears.

## CCXVIII.

The old and holy man in prayer sublime,  
Is standing at his couch with kindling brand.  
He waits eternity's approach, like time  
Who looks upon the last and falling sand.  
There Ada weeping press'd his icy hand,  
And 'neath her kisses sought to give it heat.  
With hair dishevelled she is seen to stand.  
Her drooping brow where beauty holds its seat,  
Was then profaned by agonies that darkly meet.

## CCXIX.

Death's angel she resembled who with tears  
Was quenching life's dim torch; tho' still intent  
Upon the quiv'ring flame. Thus Harold's years  
Were now to close! Despairing looks he sent  
To those who round his dying pillow bent;  
Where nought but innocence and virtue clung.  
And yet the future had not dimly lent  
One ray of hope, upon this threshold flung,  
O'er which remorse and blackness had in terror hung.

## CCXX.

But while such dark—such horrid visions fall  
Upon his sight, and death's advance proclaim ;  
He hears the shout of war ; and can recall  
Its thunders. Sounds of cannon booming came,  
And with a thirst for victory inflame  
His dying thoughts ! “ my arms—my horse ”—he cries,  
“ That in this hand the steel may freedom claim,  
Together with my last expiring sighs,  
Before my smoking blood the land of brave men dies ; ”

## CCXXI.

He spoke ; and in the effort overpower'd,  
A moment raised himself—then slumb'ring fell.  
A long and dreamy sleep on Harold lower'd,  
And plunged him in delirious thoughts. No spell  
Hath e'er evoked such fearful dreams to tell  
Of feigned realities that almost shed  
On frightened souls the scathing breath of hell !—  
But soon he felt as if from life he fled ;  
And had escaped the pangs which could not reach the dead !

## CCXXII.

Amazed that death had not at once expunged  
His being, still he dragged the vile remains  
Of his outworn frame along ; then plunged  
Amid the tombs which darkness there contains.  
No star the lone horizon now retains ;  
Nor heav'n, nor earth could he distinguish here !  
Around him second chaos wildly reigns.  
Both hands extended felt that bones were near,  
Whose dark and death-like clashings filled the void with fear.

## CCXXIII.

With him they moved, as waves on waves are prest ;  
And by some instinct, 'mid the gloom of night,  
They onward swept ; nor found a moment's rest.  
Like dust before the desert wind their flight  
Was towards Jehoshaphat whose morning light  
Should fall upon the risen human race.  
There generations from the tomb, in fright  
Were hurried on their course to reach the place,  
Where they should see the fell-destroying angel's face,

## CCXXIV.

Who grasped a sheathless sword, and kept the way  
O'er which the speechless throng in terror went.  
Now suddenly the barrier which lay  
Across the path, the angel moved ; and bent  
On Harold eyes of fire ; then fiercely sent  
Him, urged by flaming sword, before a throne  
Where he should naked, and with bosom rent  
By dark suspense, in that dread vale—alone  
Stand palpitating till his destinies were known.

## CCXXV.

Altho' the Judge by Harold was not seen,  
With balance more effulgent than the ray  
Of bright eternal morning shall have been :  
A voice was heard in solemn accents say  
“ Thy doubts have lost the heav'n-appointed day ;  
And gathered round thy steps the deepest shade !  
Soon shall the night of life dissolve away,  
And dread eternity thine eyes invade ;  
Yet mercy still to thee a last appeal has made.”

## CCXXVI.

“ Renew thy steps ! but tremble for thy fate !  
For thou must draw the last unchanging lot ;  
And shalt thyself pronounce thine endless state !  
Where night upon the field of death has brought  
Her thick and silent shades, a place is sought  
Where Judgment, as an angel, shall have placed  
Two sacred urns in some sequestered spot.  
No hand, or eye of man hath ever traced  
Which has the destinies of weal, or wo embraced !”

## CCXXVII.

“ There undistinguished and alike they stand.  
In one, fruit from the uncorrupted tree  
Of life is found ; plucked by a guilty hand ;  
When man, too curious, dared at once to be  
From wisdom and from time’s restraint made free.  
For while creation’s work as yet was young,  
The clust’ring fruit of immortality  
Became the source of death ; and man was flung  
Into corruption’s pit, o’er which the curse was hung.”



## CCXXVIII.

“ Within its dark recess, the other holds  
The tempting fruit to man at first denied ;  
Which ruined earth ! The serpent there unfolds  
In evil type, his coils within the side  
Of that dread urn, with deepest shadows died  
By venom which his poisoned sting emits ;  
While it inflicts upon the hand of pride,  
An ever rankling wound ! Yet He who sits  
Upon the judgment seat, to thee such choice permits.”

## CCXXIX.

“ But still to guide thy step he doth bestow  
Three torches of celestial light. Proceed  
With Reason, Genius, Faith ; still there is wo  
To thee if those bright flames, by thy misdeed  
Expire ! Thy hand unguided shall not heed  
The urn whose depths can life, or death disclose.”  
Now all is hushed ! and frozen horrors feed  
On Harold's blood ! Then Faith descending throws  
Her light around him ; and the torch on him bestows.

## CCXXX.

Tho' in the night of destiny it guides  
The soul ; a dazzling glare dismayed his eye ;  
And stumbling 'neath its ray, thick darkness glides  
Across his sight. No more can he descry  
The flame just kindled at the throne on high !  
'Tis quenched in dust ! Then Harold seeks the gleam  
By Reason faintly shed upon the sky,  
Which makes the dimly streaked horizon seem  
Less ample than if traced by Faith's unearthly beam.

## CCXXXI.

This light awhile assures his cautious feet.  
And firmly he advanced until the wings  
Of night's foul birds his torch now flick'ring meet.  
In vain amid the shade, his hand he flings  
Around, and would repel each one that clings  
With cloudy darkness to his troubled way.  
Deep horror o'er his face a paleness brings ;  
While in their flight the almost dying ray  
Was now with hope, extinguished, and in ruin lay !

## CCXXXII.

A last one still remains ; for mercy gives  
Him Genius ; tho' it often shone in vain !  
Then bearing on the flame which scarcely lives,  
He trembles at each breath ; but yet would fain  
Expect his breast might still the light retain :  
He tries, as tho' 'twere life, to check its flight  
And now when near the end, his eyes remain  
Intensely fixed upon the torch whose light  
Can only feebly show the urns of fate in sight !

## CCXXXIII.

He would revive the gleam that still remained ;  
And breathing on the dim—the dying flame,  
It then expired !—The angel's voice exclaimed  
“ Unhappy one ! three torches whence you came,  
Were granted as the lights which heav'n would name  
To guide thy steps ; but since they shine no more  
Upon thy course, the urns alone proclaim  
The doom thy destinies have ever wore ;  
And in their bosom, thou, thy lot, must now explore !”

## CCXXXIV.

Cold as the tomb, a bloody sweat then falls  
In heavy drops from Harold's pallid face.  
He moves—he hesitates—his hand recalls—  
In vain would touch—then gazes at the place ;  
And thrice with dubious hands did he retrace  
His choice. Again, a threefold chance he tries ;  
But tremblingly retires with hurried pace  
From the uncertain urns—then madly flies,  
Again to brave his lot ; tho' with averted eyes.

## CCXXXV.

His hand is plunged within the gloomy urn ;  
And tho' with horror chilled its depths he tries.  
His grasp, the serpent's sting is felt to spurn ;  
And coiled around the wound the reptile lies !  
“ Harold thou art deceived,” a voice now cries ;  
Whose echo dread Jehoshaphat retains !  
From dreams, the accents rouse him e're he dies,  
To take a long sad look !—a word remains  
Upon his lips !—It is too late—His mortal pains

## CCXXXVI.

Are now for ever gone! He is no more!  
This child of my delirium, as a sound  
But murmured on my lyre, and now is o'er!  
At length, his goal, th' immortal Pilgrim found.  
Repose is on his brow! Below the mound  
Of death, that open hand, his bed shall seize.  
He sleeps! His eye-lids are as crystals drown'd  
In moisture where the icy breath decrees,  
Those dim and ghastly looks of his should ever freeze.

## CCXXXVII.

Beneath the darkly shaded opening lid,  
His eyes still catch and paint the glassy light.  
But can they be that hearth which once could bid  
So many kindling thoughts to wing their flight?  
Or is it hence the flashes of his bright  
And sparkling looks—his very soul—could leap?  
These dull extinguished orbs have lost their might  
Again from 'neath the sunken lash to sweep  
Away the clouds that on their path in darkness weep!

## CCXXXVIII.

That breast which heaved with love and life ; where gloom  
With every passion had its fitful day ;  
Whose one desire could raise the very tomb ;  
Falls back—nor voice—nor breath can now betray—  
Nor motion ! no, it cannot fling away  
This veil of grief, these vestments of the dead.  
But ah ! his soul !—where is it ? whither lay  
The path it took, when life had in its dread  
Dissolving moments, from its seat for ever fled ?

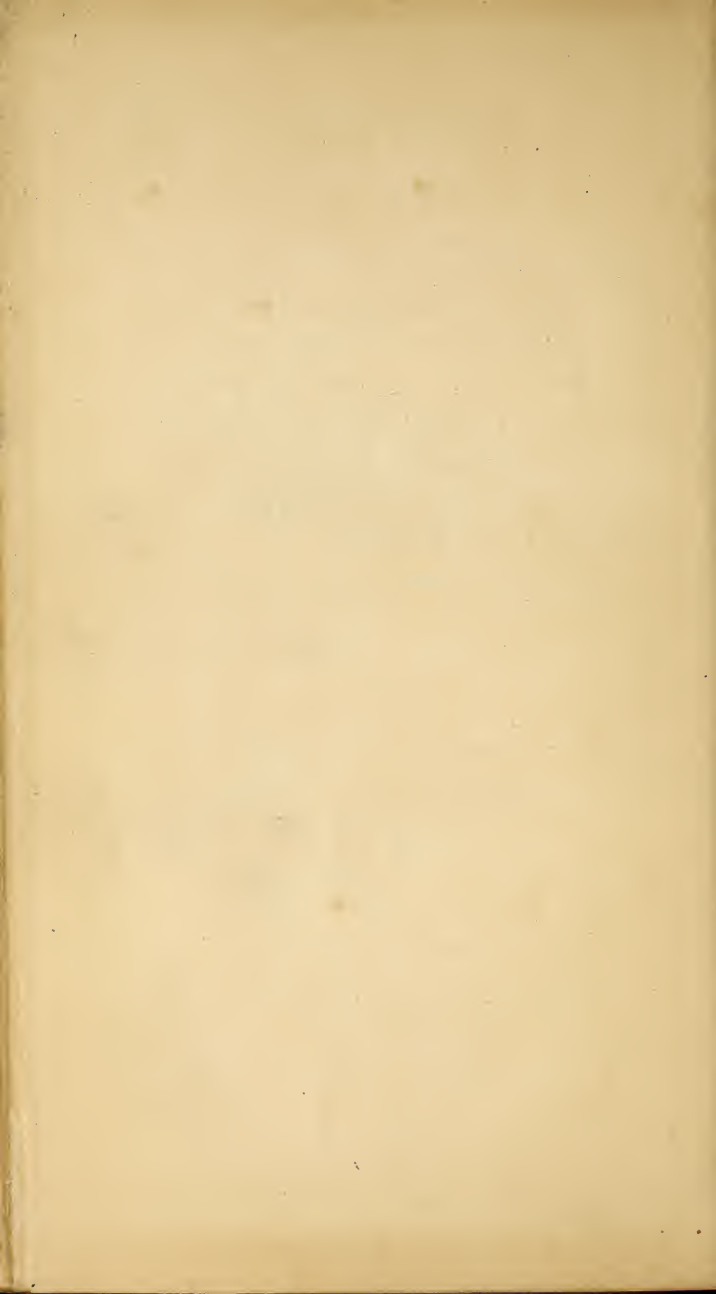
## CCXXXIX.

Angel of martyrdom ! whose hand alone  
Can hide the sins of mortals from the eye  
Of the Omnipotent ; who dost atone  
For guilt by suff'rings ! when the Judge shall try  
The works of men—when in his balance lie  
Their souls—wilt thou a hero's death then plead  
Against the sceptic's life ? Look from the sky,  
Enkindling hope for which thyself didst bleed ;  
That in the book of grace a pardon is decreed !

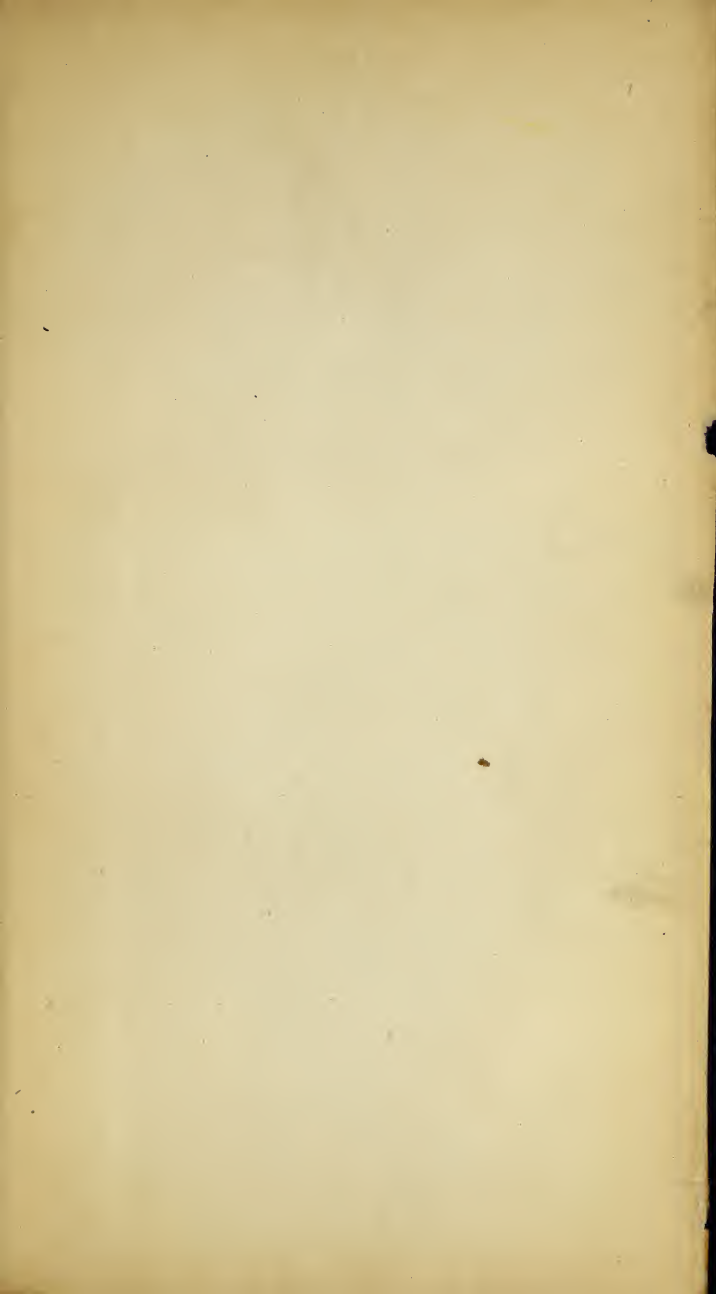
## CCXL.

And ye whose ravished souls his lyre could chain ;  
Who followed him from clime to clime ; if e'er  
His songs within your breasts were felt to reign ;  
A tear, his shade demands !—yes, let him share  
What mortals owe to death ! And passing where  
The cross upon his last asylum throws  
Its shade, the Pilgrim name in murm'ring pray'r,  
If orizons for him may gain repose !  
But—hush—the tomb will not its mysteries disclose !

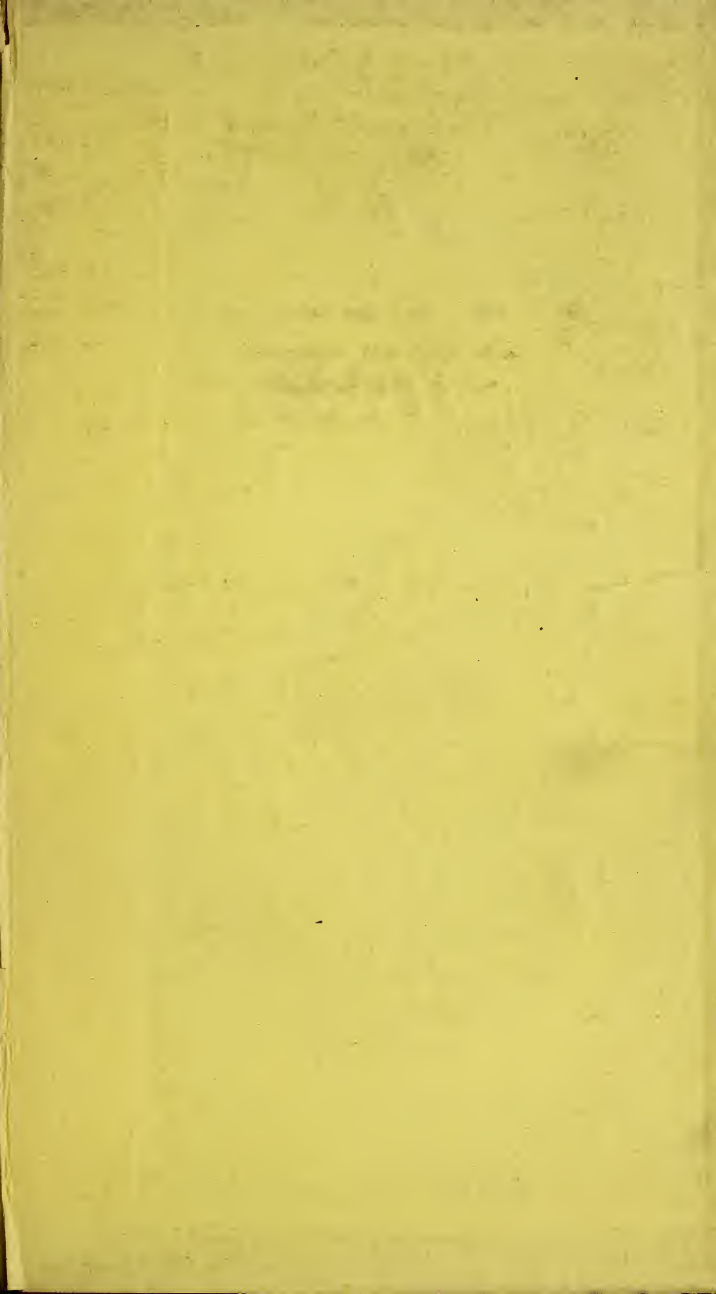
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